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THOMAS MANN
By Vicky and Crossman

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Freedom and Press Enterprise

CONSERVATIVE freedom works—but not for the Press Lords. That, in a nutshell, is the reaction of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to the Government's decision to abolish the rationing of newsprint.

One might have expected that Mr. Peter Thorneycroft would win a round of applause in Fleet Street for sweeping away the last vestiges of wartime rationing and post-war Socialist austerity. What more dangerous inroad on Conservative freedom can there be than direct and continuous government regulation of the newspaper industry? But no! With the one exception of *The Times*, every member of the N.P.A. unites in denouncing Mr. Peter Thorneycroft as a doctrinaire adherent of outworn *laissez-faire*. Lords Rothermere, Beaverbrook and Kemsley piously hymn the virtues of uncontrolled competition when others suffer from it. But for themselves they prefer that the Government should intervene and set the precise and profitable limits within which competition should take place. Indeed, the *Daily Telegraph*, on Monday, told Mr. Thorneycroft to think again "before, in the name of freedom, he throws half the press, gagged, bound, and weighted, into the deep end of the bath."

The explanation of this conflict between *The Times* and the *Telegraph* is quite simple. *The Times* is the only London paper which confidently expects to make more money if Mr. Thorneycroft has his way. The others all fear that they will not. Those papers which control their own supplies of newsprint, and now sell it to overseas customers, will be compelled to break their contracts in order to use it for themselves. Some which have no newsprint of their own may well be put out of business in a matter of months.

The fact is that the production of our national newspapers is an example not of monopoly but of oligopoly; it is dominated by a handful of very big concerns in very keen competition for the circulation on which advertising—and so profits—depends. In the 1930s, a fantastic circulation race broke out, complete with free insurance and lavish gift schemes. It taught the oligopolists a lesson about the unprofitability of free competition and made them amenable to government control when war broke out. Since the war, the circulation race has been happily resumed, but within the limits set by newsprint rationing.

This control has undoubtedly favoured the popular press against *The Times*. It obviously pays the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Express* to increase astronomically the number of copies sold, provided that the size of each copy is kept down. But with newsprint at an exorbitant price, with labour costs rising, the economics of Fleet Street are extremely precarious. Whereas four million copies of an eight-page paper may be profitable, the same number of copies of a twelve-page paper might well spell ruin. So the "populars" gain by government rationing of newsprint, whereas *The Times* will equally obviously gain by Conservative freedom. If it is permitted an unlimited number of pages it can fill more pages with "class" advertising, and the number of copies it prints is comparatively so small that it will scarcely feel the cost of newsprint if its circulation increases as well as its size.

What about the newspaper reader? Do we wish to see our morning papers return to their pre-war size? Do we desire once again to fill our shelves with bound volumes of Dickens presented by the *Daily Herald*, or to insure ourselves, without cost, as a *Daily Express* reader? Or would we prefer to continue reading the tabloid news which rationing, since 1940, has forced on the British press? The question is academic. This battle between Mr. Thorneycroft and *The Times*, on the one hand, and the rest of the N.P.A. on the other, will be settled, as usual, without regard to the needs or views of the customer.

The News in Review

Overseas

ALTHOUGH Syngman Rhee has been induced to "postpone" the date on which his ultimatum to the Neutral Commission expires, he has made it quite clear that he intends to continue the campaign against it. He has, it is true, called off his demonstrators with a denunciation of those who "create confusion," but the latest outbreak has broken the uneasy stalemate in Korea. The Chinese, who may feel some genuine anxiety about Rhee's intentions, have taken this opportunity to call for a conference of the nations concerned in Korea, "with the broad participation of Asian countries." This proposal, which is coupled with renewed protests against "the plot of certain international forces to upset the present situation" and with a demand for the evacuation of all foreign troops from Korea, does not indicate whether China is now seeking to consolidate the *status quo* in the peninsula, or whether Peking has some form of unification in mind. There are good reasons for taking up this Chinese offer, if only to see what specific measures Peking is willing to consider, for the Korean situation is once again becoming dangerous. The present obstacle is the completely intransigent attitude of Syngman Rhee.

TO ask whether the Red Army man-power cut is a political gesture or a piece of genuine disarmament is absurd. It is both—and a measure of economy as well. As we have frequently pointed out in these columns, the maintenance of huge conventional armies in the era of nuclear war is becoming an intolerable burden on the economy. After 1945, the Red Army was maintained at an extravagantly high level, partly owing to Stalin's belief in negotiation from strength, and partly as a counter-weight to the American monopoly of atomic weapons. Now that the Russians are manufacturing H-bombs, and even more important, the trans-continental jet-bomber which delivers it, the military necessity for this counter-balance has been reduced, and Stalin's successors have decided to release 640,000 young men, mostly, no doubt, for the agricultural drive. How does this compare with Pentagon's man-power policy? In the last two years President Eisenhower has steadily increased the size of his Air Force while slashing his Army man-power and actually reducing by two the number of its effective divisions. This means that the United States has no effective ground forces for a major war, and is therefore relying entirely on strategic air power, whereas the Red Army will remain very large indeed.

ON Tuesday, the Sudanese Parliament enthusiastically demanded the next and final stage of self-determination. This means the evacuation at once of the remaining British and Egyptian forces and the election of a Constituent Assembly which is to decide between independence and unity with Egypt. The Sudanese leaders appear to favour a plebiscite. There now seems little doubt that the decision will be for complete independence, though the Egyptian government is unlikely to relax its efforts all through this coming crucial phase to swing the decision towards unity with Egypt. In the Sudanese Premier's own party a revolt led by the pro-Egyptian ex-Minister Mohamed Nur ed-Din caused what seems to have been a considerable split. It showed that Egyptian influence is still strong. But Colonel Nasser must face the fact that Sudanese nationalism has taken a firm hold and that, like most nationalism, it is an "all or nothing" emotion which is unlikely to be content with anything short of complete independence—from Egypt as well as from Britain.

At Home

THE new Treasury statistics, designed to show that higher labour costs are pushing up Britain's export prices, have been taken at their face value by newspapers anxious to prove that wage demands, rather than the boom in capital values, are the main stimulus to inflation. Yet this interpretation is completely disingenuous. The absolute increase in wages in itself proves nothing. It is the relation of wages to output that matters. And the Treasury figures show that since 1952 labour costs per unit of output have been almost steady. In manufacturing industry, for instance, output rose by 18 points between 1952 and 1954, while labour costs rose by only two points. In the nationalised gas and electricity industries, where there has been large-scale investment, output is up 15 points in the same period while labour costs are the same. In short, higher output has been achieved without any real change in labour costs. It is true that mining is an exception. Output has been almost stable since 1951, but in that time, labour costs have risen by 23 points.

The Treasury bulletin concedes that most of the increase in wages took place, not in the six years under review, but between 1950 and 1952, when the Korean war pushed up prices and "wages rose in pursuit." Thus, for the working-class as a whole, wage increases have barely kept in step with retail prices. Its living standards remain about the same, while output has risen.

THE July trade figures strongly underline Mr. Butler's warning against inflation. The gap between exports and imports rose to nearly £108 m., as against an average of £75.6 m. for the first six months of this year. This sharp increase is not merely due to the dock strike—though, by hitting exports more than imports, this undoubtedly widened the gap—for the total cost of imports rose absolutely by nearly £47 m. The latest credit squeeze has not yet had time to make much impact in import figures, for contracts take some time to run out, but the size of the gap may well be making the Chancellor consider more drastic measures for the early autumn. Pressure on sterling has again increased in the last week, and yet the City still seems to be perversely optimistic about the boom. Present investment plans, new wage demands and import orders all suggest that dear money is unlikely to be enough to check the inflation.

Report from Goa

Our Special Correspondent cables from the Goan frontier: Immediately after our group of journalists arrived in Goa the Portuguese lavished facilities upon us which would have made a moron suspicious. They had assumed from the "trimmed" reporting of last year's *satyagraha* that we were pro-Portuguese. Once in Goa we were given the "go anywhere, do anything" line. After all, Lisbon's censorship was there to take care of any discrepancies.

In a lock-up in Panjim I talked alone with some prisoners who were confined without exercise in iron-barred cells like cages. Two of them told me they were not particularly uncomfortable, but they feared retaliation. This was definitely the reason given me for his reticence by the Socialist leader, N. G. Gorey, whom I visited in Altinho jail, but I noticed that he reminisced nostalgically about British imprisonment in the old days. A courageous man, Gorey very fully understood the meaning of *satyagraha*—which, as Nehru has pointed out, many Indians do not.

In Altinho there was fear and evidence of animal brutality. In a cell nine feet by nine, six prisoners—and one was sub-normal—were huddled together, serving sentences of up to eight years. One prisoner unostentatiously edged up his sleeve whilst he was talking about books and revealed what looked like branding. Another still had blueish scars across the soles of his feet and his ankles, though it was two months since he marched into Goa. It was clear that there was much else to conceal, to judge from the agitated patrolling of armed warders.

All Monday we were permitted to go anywhere to witness the entries from India, but it was obvious that the police had had instructions to avoid brutalities in our presence. Once, as two Goan policemen were on the point of crashing their rifle butts on the heads of demonstrators, their Portuguese sergeant stopped them with urgently barked orders as we approached; at Paliem, five miles from the northern border, we arrived soon after military reinforcements had fired warning rounds, and then killed a *harijan*, a Socialist organiser from Rajasthan. We found his 38 comrades—including one Congressman—seated, very still and silent, in an Hindu temple. The dead man was lying at their feet. Elsewhere on the eastern border there were savage killings when *satyagrahis* were trapped in a railway tunnel at Bander, where the largest entry took place. A couple of foreign correspondents went towards the firing, and came back with several dead and dreadfully wounded *satyagrahis*, including a woman.

There is strong evidence that Nehru's command over India and his determination to avoid violence were responsible for the orderly entry of the *satyagrahis*. The Bombay authorities held up a fleet of hired lorries on the eve of entry, to limit the numbers, and all the bands we saw inside Goa numbered fewer than 50.

Ugly passions on both sides of this troubled border have now created a situation which can hardly remain static, but whereas in India indignation is the main emotion, in Goa it is the Portuguese fear—that time is running out for this anti-historic situation, and with this fear must come a tightening of the police-State stranglehold, and increasing persecutions.

But where liberal Western opinion must eventually lie is indicated by the fact that I could not get this report out of Goa, but I could from India, where "discrepancies" are not ironed out in transmission, and also because, as I crossed the border, a young Indian official murmured to me: "Find the truth, even if it is completely against India's ends."

News from Our Own Correspondents

Geneva

Atoms for Peace

Ritchie Calder writes from Geneva: Where are the men of M.I.5, the F.B.I. and the N.K.V.D.? They may be anywhere among the 2,000 scientists and 800 pressmen accredited to the U.N. conference on The Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy. But the job of any security man is futile here. Even in the toilets of the Palais des Nations you can hear information being exchanged which it would have been treason just to hint at a month ago. I greeted an eminent British scientist who was sitting in the lobby with a Russian scientist; they were industriously scribbling. "We are doing each other's homework," said the British scientist, cheerfully. In the *couloirs*, on the *trottoirs*, over cocktails and in boats *à deux* on the lake, scientists are swopping equations with the abandon of women gossiping at a party. And so the managers of the delegations have "given up"; they are declassifying secret items on the spot, like shopkeepers at sale time altering price tickets to keep up with the shop next door. Of course, all the papers prepared and submitted in advance had been security vetted, but that does not mean anything either, because the speakers have been improvising. It has been amusing to watch delegates, who have been sitting next to each other or having coffee together, get up in the discussion and ask each other prearranged questions to get, on the public record, the answers they already know.

The Russians are obviously enjoying themselves. There is a great deal of back-slapping and frankness. At one press conference, the famous Soviet chemist, Academician Vinogradov, was harried with questions designed to show that he was learning things which Soviet scientists had not known. "Naturally!" he replied, "So are the Americans and everyone else." "This," said a member of the British delegation to me, "isn't just a thaw in the Cold War; it's an avalanche of goodwill."

The effects are quite incalculable. So much is being disclosed in the sessions on reactor construction, chemistry and biology and medicine that no one can really appraise it or digest it. That will be possible only when the 200 tons of documentation has been shipped home to the 72 participating countries and milled over in the laboratories. But three disclosures have been startling. The first was the calculated indiscretion by Professor Homi Bhabha, the Indian president of the Conference, when at the very outset he raised the issue of converting fusion (H-bomb) energy to peaceful purposes. There were reasons why this was not on the agenda; to introduce hydrogen-fusion might have meant bringing the H-bomb into discussions where military and political arguments are barred; moreover, there are industrial considerations, and business interests might not like it noised around that the uranium reactors, the fission-process, might presently be out of date. Professor Bhabha flushed the coverts; the British coyly admitted that they were working on controlled fusion-energy, and the Americans certainly are. This means that in time (a generation, Bhabha suggested) the violent, at present uncontrollable energy of the military H-bomb will be demobilised and put to work. Then we will have power unlimited by the geological reserves of uranium or thorium, the fission-fuels.

The second surprise was the British announcement on "breeding." All scientists know the principle of "breeding" and Britain's Dounreay reactor, under construction in Caithness, is based on it; what was startling was that British research at Harwell has "bred" two atoms for one. That means that for every gramme of fissionable fuel burnt to get energy two grammes of non-fissionable material are converted into fuel.

The third surprise was photosynthesis. This is the bio-mechanism by which the growing plant takes the sun's energy and uses it to synthesise the elements of the air, water and soil into the food on which man and beasts depend. If artificial photosynthesis were possible it would mean that the laboratory and the manufactory could take over from nature and the farmer—or at least supplement food from growing plants to the extent that Malthus's ghost would be finally laid. The Americans have been researching successfully into the process but everyone was surprised by the Russians' advances in photosynthesis and protein-synthesis, with the help of radioactive tracers.

When the Conference ends on Saturday, it is not intended that there should be any resolutions—just the publication of the complete proceedings—but its success will certainly endorse the proposal now being canvassed among governments, for a U.N. specialised agency (like W.H.O., F.A.O., I.L.O. and Unesco) devoted to the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

Dublin

The I.R.A. Again

Our Irish Correspondent writes: Now that the I.R.A. has extended its "liberation" campaign to Great Britain, just where does the Eire Government stand? Though the arms raids at Aborfield and Kimmel Park are in a sense of the same kind as the Omagh and Armagh forays last year—the War Office foots the bill—nevertheless the fact that the campaign has been taken outside the homeland must mark a new stage and must make it almost impossible for Mr. Costello to remain inactive. It is in the Republic that the I.R.A. has its headquarters, and the Chief of Staff, who uses the name MacDiarmada, issues "communiqués" from Dublin. In the counties near Cork recruiting seems to have been more successful than elsewhere outside Dublin, and no restriction by the Eire authorities hampers the recruiters. A widely circulated monthly, *The United Irishman*, published in Dublin, preaches war on British imperialism and contains a Roll of Honour of men in prison for I.R.A. activities. The Irish Government is attacked for its alleged pusillanimity about Partition with hardly less venom than Britain is for maintaining "a police State" in Ulster.

Of course, it is now fairly well understood—and at last openly allowed by responsible politicians here—that all this talk of tyranny and Gestapo rule in Ulster is grossly exaggerated, though a paper like the French *L'Aurore*, discussing the latest raids, can blithely say that sooner or later Britain will have to give Ireland "the liberation she has stoically awaited for seven centuries." Mr. Costello and Mr. de Valera, of course, have all but completely jettisoned the old line that Britain is the real villain, and they have unequivocably condemned I.R.A. violence.

It is one thing to denounce violence, and quite a different thing to suppress it. Mr. Costello heads a coalition which now looks stable, but which might conceivably be strained too much by firm anti-I.R.A. measures. In the early years of the war, Mr. de Valera had to face the same problem. It is true that the I.R.A. were then raiding arms dumps in Eire. So far they have shown no sign of starting this again. All the same, it is doubtful if Mr. Costello can continue to give negative comfort to a murderous organisation acting in a friendly country. Yet, if he clamps down, he is quite likely to find himself in the same situation as Mr. de Valera fifteen years ago—arrests, shooting at police and executions followed by big protest meetings.

New York

The 1956 Stakes

Our New York Correspondent writes: Now that the first session of the 84th Congress has ended, the season is open for presidential aspirants: the nominating conventions are still a year away, but much of the political manœuvring will be done in the coming months. The main concern of the Democrats is, of course, the President. They privately concede that, if he decides to stand again, it will be a difficult task to beat him. Without Eisenhower, the Republican convention next year is likely to develop into a "hassle," as Republican Governor Walter Kohler of Wisconsin put it. Because of the electoral trend, the Democrats feel that any Democrat could win against any Republican except Eisenhower. However, they are operating on the assumption that Eisenhower will be prevailed upon to be his party's standard-bearer next year. That does not mean that many leading Democrats would not covet the task of opposing him. Whoever becomes the Democratic candidate would be the titular head of his party for the next four years, and would be in a position to try again in 1960 when Eisenhower—apart from considerations of age—would in any case be unable to stand again under a post-war constitutional amendment limiting presidents to two terms.

With these considerations in mind, there may well be a premium on the younger Democrats. This could be a handicap to a second Stevenson nomination, for, although he is only 55, his candidature in 1952 puts him in the category of an elder statesman; if he failed again in 1956, he is unlikely to be given another shot in 1960. Nevertheless, among the Democratic Governors meeting in Chicago last week there seemed to be a disposition to give Stevenson "first call" on next year's nomination.

Age might weigh against Governor Averill Harriman, who is 63. But Carmine DeSapio, leader of Tammany, Democratic National Committeeman from New York and a power behind the scenes in the State, can only get control of the Democratic Party nationally if Harriman is the candidate. Harriman has declared publicly several times that he is for Stevenson, but it is widely thought that he could easily be persuaded to seek the nomination should Stevenson remove himself from the race.

Of the really younger men, Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan, who is only 44, is making most of the aspirant noises these days. He was a "favourite son" candidate for the nomination in 1952 and has already hinted that he might be again next year. It is doubtful whether he could actually capture the nomination, as he would run into solid opposition from the South which has been alienated by his outspoken liberalism. But Williams might hope to hold his State's delegation in reserve to throw it behind the ultimate winner.

Gold Coast on Trial

KWAME NKRUMAH and his people in the Gold Coast have built for themselves a greater fund of good will than any other colonial people. They are seen here as the spearhead of political democracy in the Empire. Around them are centred our hopes of independence for the colonies. They represent the exact antithesis of South African racialism.

Twelve months ago, the overwhelming victory of Nkrumah's Convention Peoples' Party seemed to open a clear road to the independence of the Gold Coast, under the leadership of a united nationalist movement. The rise of strong opposition during the past year has therefore caused surprise, but if it had been based on an alternative social and economic programme and had used strictly constitutional methods it would have been welcome as an added strength both to Gold Coast democracy and to the Government party itself. Anxiety arises not over the appearance of an opposition, but on the shape it has taken.

In its beginnings last September the National Liberation Movement co-ordinated various influences, united only in a common hostility to the C.P.P. Government. The cocoa farmers were naturally annoyed with the pegging of the price at the low figure of 72s. per load for a period of four years. Many of the chiefs had begun to realise that independence would hand the government of the country over to new rulers devoid of hereditary qualifications. A number of C.P.P. politicians who had failed to realise their ambitions sought other means to power. In the backward Northern Territory the C.P.P. was never firmly established and opposition groups looked to alternative leadership.

Contrary to expectation this miscellaneous collection of the Government's opponents have welded themselves together into a serious opposition movement which, although mainly based in Ashanti, has its outposts in the other two Regions. Two aspects of this Movement are disturbing. First, particularly at the beginning, it appeared to allow, if not encourage, its supporters to create a situation of violence; it was apparently unwilling to wait until it could test its strength democratically at the polls. Secondly, out of the various influences which instigated the Movement only one common factor appears to remain. This is the profound tribal fear of political democracy.

The present situation in the Gold Coast is the most immediate reflection of one of the fundamental problems of modern Africa. All over the continent a transition period has begun in which the antipathetic forces of tribalism and political democracy are in open conflict. The hereditary authority of chieftainship is challenged by the processes of modern democracy and by the new politicians. The same situation is to be seen in Uganda, in Tanganyika, in Nigeria and, in its most tragic form, in Basutoland. Loss of authority inevitably, if only subconsciously, produces a reaction. In Basutoland it has taken the horrible form of ritual murder. In the Gold Coast it has become the one foundation stone on which the National Liberation Movement is now building. The N.L.M. is not a party, but claims to be a National Movement. It could not be a party, for the most powerful force within it is represented by the chiefs. Chiefs cannot openly enter politics since if they suffer defeat their authority is destroyed.

The N.L.M., however, also expresses the fears which usually develop in the early stages of party government. Concern is felt that the politicians are using their offices for the personal profit of themselves and their friends. The danger is seen that once the restraining hand of the British is removed, Party Government may become one-Party Government.

These fears have been strongly organised and powerfully stimulated by the N.L.M. The success of this organisation—or, it may be represented, the extent of the fears—has been seen in practical form in the recent bye-election in Atwima-Nwabiagya. In this Ashanti Constituency the candidate supported by the N.L.M. turned a two to one C.P.P. majority of last year into a similar majority against C.P.P. The election took place on the same register as was used twelve months ago and thus it is clear that a large number of voters have consciously changed their minds. The only platform on which the successful candidate fought was the necessity for a federal form of government, which itself is a reflection of Ashanti nationalism. It is indeed to the traditional national feeling of the Ashantis, accompanied by the emotionalism of tribal drums, war cries and dances, that the N.L.M. appealed during the election and which provided the theme of the Asantehene's victory celebrations. Perhaps naturally, the Ashanti, an African conquering imperialist people, themselves subdued by White imperialism, do not take kindly to a form of government which passes power into the hands of coastal people whom they regard as detribalised upstarts, corrupted by Western habits and ideas.

Although this is only one election defeat for the Convention Peoples' Party, it is of unusual importance. It may be regarded as a lead for the rest of Ashanti and may even be followed by the defection of yet more members of the C.P.P. in Ashanti. It is yet a further illustration of the miscalculation which Nkrumah and his colleagues have made of the strength of this Ashanti opposition. The Prime Minister has undoubtedly been badly advised from the very start of the National Liberation Movement. He must now take actions in a position of weakness which he could previously have taken when he was strong; yet he must act to regain the initiative or risk seeing his nation so deeply divided that independence itself is endangered.

It is a bald fact that the immediate success of Gold Coast independence depends principally upon the efforts of the present Government and Assembly who were elected for this express purpose. Any action which undermines their authority or weakens their constitutional position threatens the establishment of an independent State. The C.P.P., moreover, has a reasonably clear social and economic policy, whilst the N.L.M. has still to develop an alternative. But this conflict of internal policies which can greatly strengthen the democratic spirit within the Gold Coast would come better after rather than before independence is attained.

To friendly observers of the Gold Coast it looks as if Kwame Nkrumah has three main questions to settle immediately if he is to avoid the disaster of basic division in his country on the very brink of independence. First, would he not be wise to give a firm guarantee that a general election will be held within six months of the coming of independence in order to remove any fears that the end of British administration will be followed by a one-party dictatorship? Secondly, now that the Select Committee has reported on the Constitution, would it not be sensible for an independent constitutional expert to examine and discuss with all sides the various constitutional proposals put forward by different bodies? This would at least raise the conflict on the form of constitution from a political wrangle to a reasoned debate. It is encouraging to know that the Prime Minister has in fact made such a suggestion in the Assembly. What is less hopeful, indeed unforgiveable, is that the Opposition rejected his proposal and walked out of the Assembly. Thirdly, we suggest, Nkrumah should take action to show in the most public and convincing manner that he will not tolerate any form of corruption or nepotism within his party and in the State. He has already taken an important step in this direction by appointing Kankam Boadu as Chairman of the Cocoa Marketing Board. This excellent appointment will certainly lead to a high standard of morality being attained in the important public boards controlling the cocoa industry.

Meanwhile the leaders of the N.L.M. have an equal responsibility. They may either interpret their bye-election victory as proof that their opposition can be organised through the present constitutional channels, or they may accept it as a victory against the Constitution itself. The former interpretation would provide hope for the development of a sound and tolerant alternative government. The latter would be disastrous for the future of Gold Coast democracy and independence. The demonstration walk-out of last week bodes ill. It displays an arrogant intolerance which has no place in democracy.

The eyes of every African and indeed of all colonial peoples are turned on the Gold Coast. Its success in developing the spirit as well as the forms of democracy, of proving itself capable of peacefully and unitedly gaining the status of the first British colony to be ruled by Africans, is seen as the primary and paramount issue of colonial politics. The people of the Gold Coast have immense good will on their side.

When the Land Sinks

AN extremely unpleasant threat hangs over the citizens of Stoke-on-Trent—or, to be accurate, lies beneath them. Within half a century, it is predicted, much of the city's land will sink to a depth of between ten and twenty feet. The reason is mining subsidence, a social evil which, the visitor will find, has achieved the status of an obsessional menace in the Midlands, in parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, in County Durham, in Cumberland and Lanarkshire. Two years ago, the residents of Bolton felt sufficiently strongly about it to start a Mining Subsidence Protest campaign, bombarding the House of Commons with righteous indignation. It is, of course, no new phenomenon. As a child in Lancashire I remember taking for granted the scaffolding and the metal supports that were pinned to rows of terraced cottages, as though they were an unquestioned part of the local architecture. Subsidence, in fact, was one of the less happy parts of the Coal Board's inheritance; today the Board is suffering from the impact of a problem for which it is hardly responsible, but whose true proportions could only be assessed by a nationalised industry. At present it is faced annually with claims from householders that total about £2 million.

Even this figure (several times higher than Britain's contribution to most of the specialised agencies of the United Nations) gives no true measure of the size of the problem. For the N.C.B. is obliged to meet the cost of damage only when it affects domestic property of a rateable value of £32 a year or less, or where the

lessee has a "right of support" clause written into his lease. Neither the Board nor the Treasury contributes in any way to non-domestic premises—shops, factories, municipal buildings, churches, schools—or to the repair of public services. Any distinction by rateable value is bound to be arbitrary, but it could be claimed with some justice that to draw the line at £32 is to put it a little low in this day and age. Nor is a line of this sort, wherever drawn, likely to be of any consolation to small shopkeepers and farmers, whose premises may fall apart, or whose land may be made useless, and who have no legal claim to any compensation whatever. (It was the traditional practice of mining companies to buy the land beneath which subsidence was likely to occur; they would argue, no doubt, that people who took property on such land, or who farmed it, were taking a calculated risk.)

The strongest complaint of all comes from the local authorities, for sewers and drains and water-pipes are often the earliest and most persistent victims of subsidence. The Borough Surveyor of a town in the Midlands told me that his authority spends an average of £1,000 a year on repairs to sewers alone, entirely as a result of mining subsidence—one-third of its total expenditure on all public services. This burden, of course, is carried by the ratepayers, many of whom are already paying for repairs to their own homes. Nor is this all; this particular local authority is trying to persuade industrial firms to bring new factories to the district, but is faced with the understandable reluctance of industrialists to erect premises on subsiding land.

Can mining subsidence be prevented? The opinion of mining engineers is "No." Subsidence is an inevitable by-product of mining, its intensity being determined by such factors as the depths of the seams, the nature of the strata, and the presence of "faults." On the other hand, its severity can nowadays be forecast with fair accuracy, and under certain conditions it can be reduced. A pit can be laid out in such a way that surface damage is restricted to a minimum; the coal-face can be worked in a straight line—what the engineers call "systematic working"—so that the surface will subside evenly behind the line of advance. (Irregular subsidence is the worst of all, and the most likely to crack a building down the middle.) Subsidence is less, too, where the seams are mined "descentionally," the seam nearest the surface being the first to be worked; and it is possible in some pits to replace the extracted coal by crushed stone, stowing up the empty cavity. But the hard fact is that although subsidence can often be reduced, it will continue to occur as long as coal is mined.

The most useful way of reducing damage to property would seem to lie in close inter-planning between the Coal Board and the local authority responsible for developing the surface. The most startling instance of such co-ordination, and a good omen for the future, is Peterlee in County Durham. This new town is being built on land that is still being mined, and beneath which new seams are still to be exploited. Yet there is every reason for believing that the subsidence which must occur will cause no effective damage to the buildings in the town. For no building will take place on any site until the seams underneath it have been worked out, and the land has settled down. The development of the town, and the development of the mining operations are both proceeding to a unified plan.

Just as subsidence can be reduced, or at least regularised, by the skill of the mining engineer, so its consequences can be reduced by the skill of the architect and builder. It seems extraordinary, in retrospect, that miners' cottages should traditionally have been built in terraces, for the long terrace is especially liable to split and break apart. Peterlee, therefore, has no terraces; the longest row is of four houses, and each house in the row is separated from its neighbour by a three-inch gap. Every house is built on a concrete "raft"; in the event of unexpected subsidence it will "float" before it will crack. The threat to the water supply is met by laying pipes in eight-foot lengths, each length separated by a rubber washer. The pipes will bend at these joints before they will break.

All this is sensible and hopeful, but it is small comfort to the older mining communities to know that the future citizens of Peterlee will benefit from their own unhappy experience, and many questions still remain unanswered. The efficient extraction of coal is a national priority, and although the Coal Board is no doubt doing its best to reduce the dangers of subsidence, it can hardly be expected to abandon productive seams altogether merely because of the buildings on the surface. (It has on occasion declined to work beneath public buildings or those of historical value.) If we grant that coal is a national necessity, and that subsidence—and therefore damage—is bound to occur, should we not also grant that the nation as a whole ought to pay for the damage? If it is on our behalf that water-mains are bursting daily across the Midlands, should we not be willing to help the local ratepayers to foot the bill? If so, the N.C.B. can scarcely pay the cost alone; it would mean a further demand on the Treasury. Today, for the first time in the history of the coal industry, experts are going out to the coalfields to study the problem on the ground, to co-ordinate mining and building.

GEORGE LEATHER

London Diary

TRUE to form in all Anglo-Irish affairs, irrationality piles on irrationality. What did the I.R.A. want to do with the arms they stole? Not, notice, to win Fermanagh and Tyrone for Southern Ireland. That would be sensible, for neither of these two predominantly Catholic areas should ever have been included in Ulster. No, any offer to rectify the frontier would annoy the I.R.A., which insists that every British Tommy has to leave the Northern Counties. In other words, Britain is to move out so that there can be an Irish civil war. Before Eire left the British Commonwealth the chances of unifying Ireland were looking better. Though, of course, all sorts of smuggling and vested rackets had grown up on the frontier, it seemed reasonable to hope that common interests of trade and defence were gradually overcoming ancient hatreds. And then Eire walked out of the Commonwealth! This meant that unity could only be achieved by the British actually kicking Protestant Ulster out of the door. I was astonished, when arguing with highly intelligent and sophisticated people like Sean MacBride, to discover that they could not see that this was to demand a political impossibility. As for the young I.R.A. men concerned in these arms raids, I doubt if they are aware of the difficulties. They simply see Ulster as anti-Christ, and will willingly die in the attempt to start a war with Belfast. The problem is now as intractable (and rather parallel to) the position of the technically advanced Israelis in the middle of the fanatical Arab world. In such cases where partition is based on religion and ancient animosities, time may be a "great healer"; if so, it works very, very slowly.

Sir Robert Boothby's letter in last week's issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION caused a sensation. It was not merely that he accepted our challenge and said that he did not intend "to pay the faintest attention" to the Postmaster-General's ludicrous ban, accepting, like a twentieth-century John Wilkes, the possible penalties of defiance. More important, he told in precise detail the surprising story of how the B.B.C. was compelled against its will gradually to yield to pressure from Lord Woolton and Herbert Morrison, and to ration the number of times in which he and Michael Foot, as well as all other M.P.s, might appear on domestic British programmes. He added, for full measure, that "a civil action for damages arising from restraint of trade lay against both the party machines." He remarked that he now wished that he had taken such an action. I am told, on high legal authority, that Sir Robert can still take his action and that it is highly probable that he would win it. The B.B.C.'s announcement on Wednesday rubs in the fact that it acted under duress throughout. It deliberately forced the P.M.G. publicly and specifically to take the responsibility for a policy which it itself regarded as wrong. This presumably means that if Sir Robert does now institute proceedings against Lord Woolton and Herbert Morrison he can rely on the support of B.B.C. officials in the witness box.

* * *

About Lord Horder's brilliance as a doctor and man of science I find medical men are in agreement. His ambition to be President of the Royal College of Physicians was thwarted, and it is no secret that this disappointment was connected with the antagonism between him and Lord Moran. So, I think, was Horder's attitude to the National Health Service, which, from the beginning, Moran supported. Horder himself was in two minds about it. I believe obituaries, which have spoken of his influence in getting modifications for the Bill, to be quite misinformed. Horder was a personal friend of Nye Bevan, and theoretically in favour of a National Health Service. I happened to be with him in his garden near Petersfield when a telephone message came from a Sunday paper asking him to write on the new Bill. He first refused, and then agreed, and the article stressed all the objections he felt to it without repudiating the principle. Afterwards, he came out as the leader of the organised opposition to the Act. Here, I believe, he was sinning against his own light. The things I liked about Lord Horder were his unusual freshness of mind and originality. Like many other big men who came from small beginnings, he was over-ambitious and minded too much about money, even after he had plenty of it. But he never put on a stuffed shirt or became orthodox and conventional. He was prepared to put his name to causes which most ambitious doctors think it prudent to leave alone. He was not afraid to come out on subjects like birth control and euthanasia. He was chairman of the Cremation Society and the Anti-Noise League, and he had a charming side which I happened to see myself through my friendship with Dr. Harry Roberts. When Harry's heart began to give out, after a life in which he had recklessly put every strain upon it, he spent, perforce, much of his time at his home near Horder's. Both as physician and friend, Horder became his generous and inseparable companion. They compiled together a book composed mainly of extracts from the New Testament, called *The Philosophy of Jesus*. Lord Horder's books touched on many subjects, but

this was one of his least expected and most agreeable divagations from the strict life of science.

* * *

In the long drawn out struggle against British rule in India, every demonstration by *satyagraha* strengthened the national movement. In the end, victory was peacefully achieved because the Labour Government was prepared to accept the justice of India's cause. In the same way, the real issue in Goa is how long the non-violent struggle must continue before the Portuguese are ready to talk instead of shooting down unarmed people. Meanwhile, it is ignorant to suggest, as the *Manchester Guardian* does, that non-violence is non-Gandhian if it leads to violence. On the contrary, the challenge of *satyagraha* is that it presents the ruler with the choice of yielding to what the demonstrators believe to be justice or shooting down unarmed people. The danger to non-violence, as Gandhi always stressed, was that the campaign could be discredited by riots such as those which have already taken place in Bombay.

* * *

I suppose Christian Democrats in Italy must feel much the same about the Communist success in San Marino as an Epsom Tory who learnt, say, that the Isle of Man persisted in returning a Red majority. The Catholics did themselves little good by organising the "Freedom Flight" which brought sixty San Marinese from Detroit. For San Marino, oddly enough, seems to believe that the Socialists and Communists are more enthusiastic guardians of their sixteen-century long tradition of independence, and that a Catholic victory might soon have seen their tiny republic effectively swallowed up in Italy. Certainly, the Rome Government greatly helped the Left by its blockade of the San Marino casino—a *Passport to Pimlico* affair—a year or so ago. For the San Marinese, who still maintain the only Red regime west of the Iron Curtain, were rightly affronted when a Catholic Government in Rome, which permitted casinos in Genoa and Naples, tried to prevent the rich from losing their ill-gotten *lire* in a Communist gambling hell.

* * *

It may be because I own no Atlantic liners, but I cannot help feeling that a man who will swim two miles to get ashore, like a recent stowaway from the *Queen Elizabeth*, must surely have some qualities that we could use to advantage. A stowaway of any kind is not in quite the same class as a man jumping off a London bus without paying: during the journey he has been subject to all the same disciplinary fines and punishments as any member of the crew, and now at the end of it he faces four weeks' imprisonment. I do not suggest a civic welcome with carpet and band, but I do wonder if we have found the best way to deal with these men, who, if they were not made criminals by the Merchant Shipping Act, would merely be civil debtors to the shipping line for their fares. Some of the coloured men may find prison conditions better than the standard of living that drove them from home, but twenty-eight days in a local prison, where the segregation of debtors, first offenders, and hardened crooks is barely possible, doesn't seem the wisest of introductions to the country they have regarded as El Dorado. Not that the prescribed alternative of a £20 fine is much good to the shipping company, either; but why not make the stowaway repay the company out of his earnings here? There is provision for it in section 11 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, which was a last-minute inclusion designed to recompense victims of theft and fraud and at the same time reduce the short-sentence population of the prisons.

Among the many good stories going round about the Soviet farmers who recently visited Iowa I like this one best. They visited a shoe factory and were astonished by its output. "How many hours do your men work?" asked one of the Russians. The manager explained that there was a forty-hour week. "Is it the same in Russia?" he added. No, the Russian replied, in Soviet factories many people worked sixty hours a week. "You'll never get this bunch to work like that," said the American manager. "They're all damn Communists."

CRITIC

Deck-chair Soliloquy

We love our fellow men today—
  Geneva Gin the current rage is—
Like callipygian nymphs at play
  In halcyon, pre-atomic ages,
Statesmen as innocent as heifers
Browse in the sun and breathe the zephyrs.

The heat-wave melts the coldest war
  And fellow-travelling is in fashion,
The rivalry of sport once more
  Absorbs our patriotic passion
And Moscow offers new diversions
With soccer for Berlin Excursions.

Then take Uganda: Lennox-Boyd
  Shows symptoms of the same infection
And in Malaya can't avoid
  Some pressure in the right direction—
Even the French, who learn so slowly,
Find Arab-bashing not so *joli*.

And even Strijdom's strijdent voice is
  Milder, perhaps, and more uncertain;
For (though no African rejoices
  In the *apartheid* colour curtain)
It's good to hear that maybe Strijdom
Might leave Protectorates some frijdom.

I wish I felt more sense of ease
  Among so many peace predictions—
Won't someone tell the Portuguese
  And Syngman Rhee and the Egyptians,
Chiang, Kenya Settlers and the rest
Just *why* Ben Adhem's name was blest?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Corporation had to send a member of its maintenance staff to replace a screw in the woodwork of a council house, at a cost of about 15s. 6d., because the tenant, a joiner, would not do it. The tenant's wife said to an official, "Why should he? He's not paid for it."—*Sunday Times*. (Frank Rhoden.)

The telephone call was from a Swiss, who had spent several hours in the West End trying vainly to buy a small Union Jack for his car. In Switzerland, he said, he could have got one almost anywhere.—From *Daily Telegraph*. (L. Noack.)

"We have all seen people sprinkle salt and vinegar on their fish and chips in the shop and walk along the streets eating them. Are we going to have that in Eastbourne?."—From *Brighton Evening Argus*. (L. E. Honnor.)

Top secret tests are being carried out by scientists in this country to preserve bottled beer by atomic power.—*Morning Advertiser*. (Rodney M. Galey.)

Miss Vane submitted her poses to the Lord Chamberlain's Office for passing in the usual way. In one series she wore the peep-toe shoes and nothing else. The Lord Chamberlain ruled that the peep-toe shoes must be removed.—*South London Advertiser*. (E. G. Breeze.)

Industrial Power

This is the second in the series of articles on the Atomic Challenge. The author is at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell.

IN an age in which the wealth of a country depends upon the mechanical energy available to its workers, any new source of energy must be of first importance to industry, especially if that source promises to be more abundant, and no more expensive, than the fossil fuels from which industrial power is derived at present. Such a new source is uranium, through the fission, induced by neutrons, of its atomic nucleus. As is well known, in this fission reaction, the only nuclear reaction that can be made self-sustaining, the nucleus splits into two fragments which move apart with enormous energy. To make practical use of this energy it must be converted into electricity, but no direct method of conversion is known. Instead use is made of the fact that movement of the fission fragments generates heat. In short, uranium must be regarded as a new kind of fuel that will be burnt in special furnaces called nuclear reactors. The heat from these reactors may then be used in the same way as the heat from a furnace burning coal or oil, to drive electrical generators or propulsion machinery.

The new fuel is characterised by great compactness consequent upon the very high energy yield of nuclear fission compared with a chemical reaction; the yield is at least a million times greater. Thus the complete fission of a pound of uranium produces as much energy as the combustion of 3,000,000 lb. (or 1,300 tons) of coal. But however valuable this feature may be, there would be little interest in the new fuel if there were not ample reserves of it in nature. Fortunately, the geologists are reassuring on this point. Though there are not many rich deposits, uranium and thorium (another source of nuclear fuel) are widely distributed in the earth's crust. It is estimated that there is enough of these elements to enable the world's demand for energy to be met, at the current rate, for a period several, perhaps many, times as long as that for which coal and oil could supply it. The exact length of the period depends first upon what is assumed to be the economic cost of the uranium and second upon what fraction of the material can be burned.

There are three nuclear fuels but the only one that occurs in nature is the light isotope of uranium, of mass 235, which constitutes 0.7 per cent. of natural uranium. The remaining 99.3 per cent. is the heavier isotope uranium 238, and this is not fissile, but it can be transmuted by neutron bombardment into the artificial fissile material plutonium 239. This is as good a nuclear fuel as uranium 235; indeed, in some respects it is better. Similarly, thorium is not fissile, but its isotope of mass 232 is transmuted by neutron bombardment into uranium 233, an artificial isotope which is fissile. The three fissile materials or nuclear fuels are thus uranium 235, plutonium 239, and uranium 233. All are heavy metals—one has to accustom oneself to the idea of burning machined metal rods instead of knobbly lumps of coal in the furnaces of the atomic age.

What sort of things are these new furnaces, the nuclear reactors or atomic piles? The kind that has been most developed is typified by the power-producing reactors now being built by the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority at Calder Hall, in Cumberland. This kind of reactor belongs to the class called thermal. It consists of a core of graphite, the moderator, built from

thousands of accurately machined graphite bricks so disposed as to leave a number of vertical channels running through the core. The core is placed inside a cylindrical steel drum capable of withstanding a high pressure. The natural uranium fuel is fabricated into rods which are sealed in metal cans to prevent oxidation of the uranium and escape of gaseous fission products. These canned rods, the fuel elements as they are called, are placed in the vertical channels in the core. The heat generated when fission takes place is removed by pumping carbon dioxide at high pressure through the core; the heated gas passes from the core to heat exchangers, where steam is raised to drive the turbines. The fission chain reaction is controlled by moving rods of neutron-absorbing material into or out of the core. The whole structure is surrounded by several feet of concrete to absorb the radiations, including neutrons, which would otherwise harm operators.

The purpose of the graphite moderator is to slow down the neutrons from the high speeds they possess at birth in fission, until their energy is moderated to the low value known as the thermal level. Some other materials can be used as moderators. Heavy water is one and is the best from the nuclear physics point of view; beryllium is another. Ordinary water can be used but requires enriched fuel; that is, uranium containing more than the normal proportion of 0.7 per cent. fissile isotope.

It appears from what has been said that one cannot hope to burn more than 0.7 per cent. of the total weight of fuel put into a reactor, i.e., that a pound of uranium metal is equivalent to only 20,000, and not 3,000,000, pounds of coal. Such an inference is however incorrect, although it is true that the first Calder Hall reactors are unlikely to do even as well as 20,000 lb. coal equivalent. But, in principle, it is possible to burn a much larger fraction because some at least of the uranium 238 atoms will be transmitted into fissile plutonium. This is the unique property of the nuclear reactor, that it is capable of converting the slack in its fuel into new high-grade fuel, providing there is an excess of neutrons over the number required to keep the nuclear fire going. Suppose in a thermal reactor that the disappearance of every five atoms of original fuel in fission is accompanied by the creation of four plutonium atoms; these will themselves undergo fission with the creation of more plutonium atoms and so on in geometrical progression. In this way 3.5 per cent. of the uranium atoms originally present could, in theory, be burnt though it must be emphasised that this has not yet been achieved in a practical thermal reactor.

If now there were enough spare neutrons in the reactor to enable the creation of more than one plutonium atom for every uranium 235 atom destroyed, then there would be a net gain of fissile material in operating the reactor. This is the process popularly called "breeding"; by it 100 per cent. of the uranium could, in principle, be burned. Breeding can be achieved in reactors of the second principal type into which these machines may be classified, the fast reactors. These are reactors in which fissions are caused by neutrons still moving at high speed. This type of reactor obviously requires no moderator but it does need highly concentrated fissile material as fuel. The excess of neutrons capable of breeding new fuel is accounted for, partly at least, by the absence of a moderator which always absorbs a certain number of neutrons. The absence of a moderator also means that the core is quite small and hence a great quantity of heat is generated in a small volume; this complicates cooling the reactor. So far there is little experience of fast reactors in this country; only one, a zero-energy unit, is operating, though an experimental high-power unit is being built at Dounreay. Their development presents formidable problems.

Before fast breeder reactors could be operated on a large scale it would be necessary to build up a stock of concentrated fissile material with which to fuel them. Concentrated uranium 235 can be made by treating natural uranium in a gaseous diffusion plant so as to increase the concentration of the fissile isotope; any degree of enrichment up to nearly 100 per cent. is possible. The gaseous diffusion process is a very expensive one however. Whether it is economic for the manufacture of reactor fuel depends on circumstances that will vary from one country to another. Alternatively concentrated plutonium can be extracted by a chemical process from the fuel elements of a thermal reactor, instead of leaving it in the reactor to be burnt. Plutonium produced in a fast breeder would probably be bred in a blanket of fertile material (uranium 238) placed round the core; from time to time the new fuel would be extracted chemically from the blanket and fabricated into fuel elements for other fast reactors.

We must glance for a moment at some of the technical problems that present themselves in the development of power-producing reactors. The most difficult of these arise in obtaining the maximum burn-up of fissile material. As has been said, it is not possible in present reactors to burn more than half the fissile content of natural uranium. The reason for this is that fuel elements cannot be left in the reactor for long enough. Two causes force their removal. The first is simply the effect of the accumulation of the fission products left behind when nuclei undergo fission; many of these are strong absorbers of neutrons and therefore reduce the reactivity of the reactor to the point at which a chain reaction can no longer be maintained. When this happens the fuel elements must be removed. The second cause is that neutron irradiation, combined with stresses arising from heat, distorts the uranium metal. Owing to the precision with which a nuclear reactor is built only a small amount of distortion can be tolerated; when it is exceeded the fuel element must be removed and refabricated. These two effects make it necessary to take the fuel elements out long before all the fissile atoms they contain have been burnt.

It is believed that the second of these limitations can be made less severe by metallurgical development, but the first can be overcome only if a method for extracting fission products continuously can be devised. Unfortunately these nuclear ashes cannot be extracted merely by shaking the grate, as in a normal fire; the fuel elements have to be taken out and put through a chemical process. This chemical process may be, and usually is, combined with the process for extracting plutonium. In the existing method the fuel element is dissolved in acid and the plutonium and uranium extracted in solution, whence they have subsequently to be turned back into metallic form. Such a process is complicated and expensive. For economical power production fuel element processing, whether to extract fissile material or to get rid of fission products, must be made as cheap, and done as seldom, as is possible. At the same time loss of uranium and plutonium must be kept to a minimum. Chemico-metallurgical processes are conceivable in which the fissile isotopes are kept in metallic form throughout, so eliminating several of the steps necessary in a solvent extraction.

The problems associated with solid fuel elements are avoided in the so-called homogeneous reactor, i.e., one in which a solution of a uranium salt, or a slurry of uranium-containing particles, replaces the lattice of metal rods. Homogeneous reactors offer other interesting possibilities, especially in cooling and in fission product removal, but they are only in the early experimental stage.

It will be clear from the foregoing that there are many directions in which development may proceed. Reactor efficiencies would be increased if high temperature operation were possible; this involves the development of new structural materials and coolants. Much remains to be discovered about the nuclear properties of structural and fissile materials. The research still to be done is clearly great in extent and diversity.

We must turn now from technical to economic considerations. If a country sets out to generate power on a large scale from nuclear fission, which of the two basic types of reactor, thermal or fast, should it prefer? There is no single answer to this question; many considerations are involved. For example if there were large reserves of easily available uranium it might be economical to build thermal reactors and use only ½ per cent., or even less, of the uranium. Generally, however, it will be desirable to make the maximum use of uranium and to do this a balanced system of thermal converter and fast breeder reactors is necessary. It should then be possible to use a large fraction of the uranium, the actual amount depending principally on the efficiency of the chemical process used to extract the converted plutonium.

A balanced programme of this kind requires the development of fast breeders and these, as has already been said, are some way off. In its programme for the next ten years, announced in a recent White Paper, the British Government intends to concentrate on thermal reactors, particularly of the gas-cooled Calder Hall type. By doing so experience will be gained in the construction and operation of power-generating reactors, experience which at present is wholly lacking, either here or anywhere else. With the knowledge gained it should be possible greatly to reduce the capital cost of power reactors and to increase their power rating and efficiency. At the same time, stocks of plutonium will be built up and a useful contribution made to the country's electric power supply, a contribution large enough by the early 1970s to provide the estimated annual demand for new generating capacity.

Beyond ten years the Government refrains from committing itself. The White Paper suggests that liquid-cooled thermal reactors might be developed to come into operation about 1965, which should enable more heat to be extracted from each ton of fuel than in gas-cooled reactors; by the same date also homogeneous and fast breeder reactors might be developed. Such restraint in prophecy is inevitable and justifiable in view of the many uncertainties in development and the many possible variants on the basic reactor types (one authority has said that there are eighty).

It is certain that, unless there is a discovery as revolutionary as that of nuclear fission itself,

NEXT WEEK

The Atomic Prospect
J. BRONOWSKI

The Stratford "Titus"
T. C. WORSLEY

Malcolm Muggeridge
Profile, held over from this week

nuclear power will form an important part of this country's power supply in the future and might, in time, generate the whole of it. It must be realised, however, that this does not mean that there will be free power; the main reduction in cost of power to be expected from the use of nuclear fuel would be in fuel costs and these make up only about a quarter of the price of a unit of electricity. The advantage in this country will be principally in introducing a new fuel when our traditional fuels are running out. The new fuels do however offer considerable advantages to remote areas in their extreme compactness—there are many places to which it would be quite practicable to take a ton or two a year of fissile material where the hauling of tens of thousands of tons of coal would be out of the question. For this reason there should be a considerable export market for nuclear reactors. Whether there is the same future for nuclear propulsion is more questionable. The large size of nuclear reactors, dictated by the need for thick biological shields, and the large capital investment in fuel greatly limits their application in this field.

K. E. B. Jay

Thomas Mann

Vicky is right. By the end of his long life, Thomas Mann had become both the tragic symbol and the delphic spokesman of that other Germany which has too often been made to feel a stranger in the Reich. Since Bismarck first fashioned it into a modern State, how many of Germany's noblest citizens have been forced either into spiritual or into physical exile? Even now, no German who loves freedom can be quite sure that he will not once again be confronted with the terrible choice between defending his principles or defending his Fatherland. The Germans remain not only a divided nation but, far worse, a *Volk Ohne Grenze*, a people without frontiers. They cannot achieve the equality of rights to which they legitimately aspire without violating the legitimate rights of their neighbours. No other Western people has been presented with the intolerable dilemma of existence which confronts the good German who aspires to be also a good European. No wonder the Germans have adopted Shakespeare. They understand far better than we do the preoccupation of his histories and his tragedies with the twin concepts of honour and treason. Who is the man of honour?—he who breaks his oath to the despot or he who keeps it? he who conspires in his country's defeat for the sake of justice, or he who fights for his Fatherland against liberty itself?

After the defeat of 1918, Thomas Mann became fully aware of this schizophrenia of the German soul. Before that, it had been his brother, Heinrich, who stood for liberty. At the height of the Wilhelminian epoch, he had made himself detested by exposing in his novel *Der Untertan* the grovelling abasement to militarism of the German bourgeoisie. Thomas, on the other hand, won national acclaim in 1914 by turning aside from novel-writing to compose a pæan in honour of Pan-Germany. It is indeed the kind of historical irony which he would have appreciated that the World Citizen, Thomas Mann, may well be remembered outside Germany for the books he wrote before his disillusionment with German nationalism. The further he moved towards a European concept of culture and citizenship, the more opaquely Teutonic both his style and his modes of feeling became. It will be difficult to deny him the title of the greatest German writer since Goethe. Both are *Weltbuerger* in the realm of literature. Yet their greatest prose works remain almost unknown outside Germany, because the texture is either dissipated or clotted in translation. I myself failed to grapple with the books Mann wrote during the Weimar period, and partly for this reason have failed to brace myself for the mental effort required to broach the masterpieces of his old age.

In contrast, the novels and short stories composed before 1918 have a form and clarity which transcends the language barrier. *Buddenbrooks*—his chronicle of the Luebeck bourgeoisie—is probably the best known in this country; but the fact that it is frequently compared with *The Forsyte Saga* shows how much is missed in translation. Galsworthy may well have learnt from Mann. But the original which he imitated is cast in a classic form and written with an intrinsic truthfulness which elevates it far above Galsworthy's sentimental realism, and makes it the first stage on the ascent to *The Magic Mountain*. Galsworthy felt the conflicts he described; Mann comprehended their ultimate insolubility. Inspired both by Nietzsche and by Freud, he ventured beyond good and evil into the realm where human personality and European culture both disintegrate. *Death in Venice* is one of the most terrible short stories I have ever read, because it foresees in poetic form the corruption of the German soul which the author was to observe from exile 25 years later.

Under Wilhelm II—when such things were the mode in court circles—Thomas Mann had married very successfully into a princely Jewish family, and this contributed to his liberal emancipation. In 1933, he could probably have made his terms with the Nazis; but he at once repudiated the new barbarism, retiring first to Czechoslovakia, and then to the United States, where he enjoyed an enormous artistic and commercial success. During the war, he broadcast regularly on the B.B.C. German Service. Characteristically, he made no concessions to the new medium, and I can well remember my despair as we played back the records of the rasping voice intoning his complex sentences through the crackle of transatlantic interference. But the magisterial message got through—sufficiently at least for Mann now to be regarded as a disloyal emigré by those "democrats" in Bonn whose war service consisted of compliance to Hitler's word.

Mann has always had a contempt for the *Spiessbuerger*, and since 1945, his concept of world citizenship has alienated him still further from the Germany of Konrad Adenauer. Fully aware of the consequences, he accepted a Communist invitation to take part in the Goethe Centenary at Weimar, inside the Eastern Zone. Then, three years ago, when McCarthyism was at its height, he gave up his Californian home, and settled in Zurich. The choice of Switzerland was deliberate. Neither East nor West Germany seemed to him to be either truly German or truly European. But those who knew him well tell me that he was more repelled by the petty-mindedness, the clericalism, and the strident new-world values of the Federal Republic. Nevertheless, just before he died, he accepted its highest award from President Heuss, a liberal of his own generation, distinguished enough to scorn Thomas Mann's detractors, and recognise in this aloof Olympian the greatest German of them all.

R. H. S. Crossman

The Other Germany

So They Say . . .

THE public, which recalls the past bitterness of the daily press about the restrictions on newsprint, may find it strange that Mr. Thorneycroft's decision soon to abolish rationing was given so dubious a reception in Monday's morning papers. *The Times*, anxious to justify its rebellion against its fellow-members of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, called it "A wise decision." The President of the Board of Trade, it said, "has found a judicious solution to what threatened to become an interminable problem . . . he can let the newspapers return to the free management of their affairs." In this leading article, which solemnly posed the issue as one of freedom from "censorship of regulation of newspapers for its own sake," *The Times* hinted at the reasons for its quarrel with the other dailies. In a tone suitable for the headmaster's study it wrote that "new so-called newspapers have been free to start up (a travesty of the Government's intentions); as much newsprint as anyone wished could be used up in circulation."

The *Daily Telegraph* warned its readers that this was "Freedom with a catch." It wrote:

> There is little jubilation in Fleet Street, and still less wherever else newspapers are produced. What has gone wrong? Have the newspapers suddenly got cold feet now that freedom is in sight, or is the freedom offered in fact a sham?

Endeavouring to explain this situation to "the orthodox free-enterprise man" who reads his *Telegraph* on the 8.40, the editorial emphasised that the problem is not simple. Since the distribution of newsprint is decided by contract, and not by the free-for-all of competitive bidding, Mr. Thorneycroft will be exposing the press "not to freedom, but to the hazards of a lottery." For those without contracts, no newsprint. Surely control is necessary. Mr. Thorneycroft, the *Telegraph* concluded, "must have second thoughts before, in the name of freedom, he throws half the press, gagged, bound and weighted, into the deep end of the bath."

For once the *Telegraph* has fellow-travelled with the *Daily Mirror*, which told its readers that:

> A state of confusion exists over the future of newsprint supplies for your papers owing to the greed and irresponsibility of *The Times* newspaper. . . . A scheme was worked out. But it meant that EVERYONE who uses newsprint had to agree to it. Only one firm stood out, *The Times*.

The *Mirror* pointed out that the new freedom would not increase the amount of newsprint available (oddly enough, *The Times* sought to justify its action by claiming there would be no increase in actual consumption) and that the big newspapers, competing among themselves, would force smaller ones out of business. "Dead papers are not good for democracy."

The *News Chronicle*, as much at pains as the *Telegraph* to explain why it had "mixed emotions" about the removal of controls, wrote:

> Something much more important is involved than a choice between unpopular controls and a carefree dash for freedom . . . an over-hasty and wholesale removal of restrictions could well lead to chaos in the distribution of newsprint.

The *Daily Mail* made no comment, but reported at length the statements by the Board of Trade, the Newsprint Supply Company and the Newspaper Society. The *Daily Express* did not indicate that *The Times* had raised the torch of revolt, and thought that the end of rationing was "welcome news, long awaited. The newspapers have been kept in chains after nearly everyone else has been freed." Having thus squared the chained Crusader's conscience, the *Express* added that of course, "the newspapers will have to operate a voluntary ration scheme."

The *Manchester Guardian* editorially welcomed freedom "in principle," carefully rehearsed the difficulties it would create, gently chided *The Times* for its "unco-operative attitude," and missed the whole point of the quarrel between Printing-House Square and Fleet Street by concluding that "the setback to agreement last month should be overcome, even if one or two papers no longer choose to join the common effort." On Tuesday, the *Daily Worker* agreed that "there is not really an enormous difficulty in all the other newspapers treating *The Times* as a bad neighbour and going on with voluntary rationing," and drew the plaintive moral that there are "gigantic difficulties confronting a working-class newspaper like ourselves."

At the bottom of page 5, the *Daily Herald* gave 15 lines to the news, under the heading "Newsprint is freed after 15 years."

QUEEQUEG

Roman Boat

THE Congress on underwater archaeology at Cannes lasted only two days; but by the time it was over I had all the notes I wanted, and I could not absorb any more Pernod or technical French. Then old Daniel Cousteau, father of the celebrated Commandant, invited some of us to visit Grand Congloué, where his son's divers have been excavating a Roman trading ship. We gathered far too early in the morning after the gala dinner the night before. There were only six of us: two archaeologists, a genial Spaniard and a gentle Russian from Monaco, two young French divers, Réné Rolland-Dalon and his sister Yvonne, my wife and I. Cousteau shepherded half his flock into his car, let in the clutch, and charged off towards Marseilles. The Rolland-Dalons took us in hectic pursuit.

The old man drove like an exhilarated undergraduate. He is 74, with large eyes, a punchinello nose and a mouth that suddenly cracks into a wide grin. He has the immense nervous energy and odd equilibrium of an Italian puppet. But the wildness is only superficial. His driving is efficient, and though he looks eccentric he is constantly sending business-like replies to the hundreds of people who write to his son.

At Marseilles he had a launch waiting, well supplied with awnings and a lavish picnic lunch, and we set off, taking with us a small Provençal Arthur Askey. Cousteau plied us with wine and sandwiches and told us, with some pride, that this man was a crossing-sweeper. "Just an ordinary crossing-sweeper employed by the municipality of Marseilles. Last year he asked for two months' leave to dive with us. When the two months' were over he asked for an extension. He is still with us, and the crossings in Marseilles do not seem particularly dirty."

The boat passed between the Chateau d'If and the mainland, and then went gingerly through inshore of another barren and fortified rock, keeping out of the way of an oblivious spear-fisherman. Ahead of us we could see several more of these clumps of rock, very white against the flat blue sea. There at the end was Grand Congloué, round and white and convoluted like a human brain. As we approached I saw that perched on the cliff-side were two small huts, anchored with iron bars and steel ropes. And between them rose a tall mast supporting a long yellow wooden boom with the suction-pump pipe marking the spot where the wreck lies.

When our boat was moored, Arthur Askey jerked us up the rock, and we greeted the four

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divers on the island. They lived in one of the shacks with no more than the bare necessities of life: a few bunks, a stove and a collection of 3-D pin-ups. We hopped along the hot slippery rock and made our way down a series of gimcrack iron ladders to the second hut, which hung out over the sea about fifteen feet above the surface. This shack houses a large air-compressor, some foam-rubber diving-suits, a couple of rifles and a clock-work egg-timer. The air-compressor pumps air down through two hose pipes, a small one for the diver and a large one which works the suction-pump. Cousteau explained how the compressed air is released inside the large suction-pipe, near the bottom, and rushes upwards in a stream of bubbles, carrying with it such a strong flow of water that it not only sucks up sand and small debris but even lifts them some fifteen feet out of the water to where it runs out through a grating.

Meanwhile the compressor had started up, Réné Rolland-Dalon began putting on his rubber suit, and the resident divers boasted that the water was very cold. When he was fully dressed, looking very Martian and stream-lined with the foam-rubber smoothing out the contours of his chest, he strapped the valve at the end of the pipe to his back, put the mouthpiece between his teeth, and began swimming downwards. The air-pipe lay in large bights on the surface. We peered down into the blue and saw a dim greenish figure, and then nothing but the mounting plumes of bubbles. A taciturn diver paid out the pipe and stood by for fifteen minutes until the egg-timer gave a loud ping. Then he picked up the rifle and fired two shots into the shallow water at his feet. The diver below heard the signal, and the pipe began to coil in again.

I pulled on my fins and dressed myself up in a very moth-eaten old sweater, while the Spaniard and the Russian looked on with curiosity but no apparent envy. As soon as it was my turn I put on the breathing gear and dropped off the sharp rock into the sea. It only seemed cold for a moment or two, then the water in my old sweater warmed a little to my body, and I swam out away from the rock towards the long vertical suction pipe.

I had not dived for over a year, and it took a lot of gulping and snorting before I could get my idle Eustachian tubes to adjust themselves properly to the increasing pressure. For a long time I hung impatiently opposite a joint where the suction-pipe was connected by four large bolts. And I began to be afraid that perhaps these four bolts might be all that I should see. At last I was able to sink slowly down merely by keeping my lungs almost empty. The cliff came nearer, handsome brown rock with huge fronds of cold dark-blue gorgonians and smaller yellowish twigs between. The straight metal suction-pipe turned to a curved flexible one, and its end lay in a patch of sand, which looked very arid and lifeless compared with the thick growth on the rocks. In the middle were two metal baskets filled with pottery, and I could see that the sand was full of small sherds. Cousteau's divers had sucked the wreck almost empty except for this thin layer of sand. At the inshore end, slightly uphill from the suction-pipe, the hull of the boat, now almost down to her garboard strakes, emerged from the sand. I swam down until I could take hold of this wood. It was quite firm and felt like waterlogged cork. There was nothing primitive about the carpentry. The planks were fastened to heavy curved timbers with strong carlings running fore and aft. I found a neat mortise-joint, and plenty of signs of iron and copper nails. Then I wandered round the bottom and soon hurried back to the surface from this lonely graveyard.

A small dark diver volunteered to accompany Jane when she went down. He gallantly led her round all the sights, including what was left of the anchor embedded in the rock, and he tactfully waited until she had finished her dive before pointing out the little marble plaque erected in memory of one of his comrades who was drowned while diving on the site.

Late that same afternoon we drove out of Marseilles to the Borély Museum. This pale, cool château has had to find room to house the vast cargo from Grand Congloué, for there are some three thousand wine-jars and about the same number of other pieces of pottery, mostly intact. We saw hundreds of little black bowls (such as Heals would advise for coffee), small jugs for oil and perfume, platters and goblets. I noticed a strange mass of marine lime, like a large clinker studded with small green facets. It is all that remains of a bag of bronze coins. One room has a strange overpowering smell of decay; it is full of pieces of the wooden hull, frail and contorted now that they have dried out. There are rings of lead that must have been part of the rigging, and nails inextricably corroded into the wood. One can see from the fragments of metal that the bottom of the hull was sheathed with lead. Soon the whole cargo will be safely in the museum; but, as the Director solemnly remarked, nothing will be left of the ship on the bottom of the sea.

RICHARD GARNETT

A Quiet Couple

ABEL TRUBLER is the only policeman I know personally and I don't know him as a policeman but as a gardener who breeds melons. When I go to East Anglia I call on him to beg seeds of his new varieties. I try to persuade him to put them into commerce, but being the son and grandson and great-grandson of tradesmen, generations of carpenters, he is a snob about "business" and says he will not be mixed up with it. Just as he will not marry; he says it would be a *distraction*. I am not sure what he means.

I stayed overnight at his cottage once: we had cold partridges, cos lettuce and strong ale for tea, and a cantaloupe each, but that evening his heart was not in eating. In the end he told me, which probably he had no right to do, that he was very worried because a Mrs. Broadiles was receiving mysterious telephone calls and had reported them to him. Persecution, he said it was. He said every time her husband went out this man telephoned and talked indecent, in whispers.

I asked what he whispered and at first Trubler, a modest man, would not tell me: when he did it was not very terrible; it was silly, but almost frighteningly silly. It seems that Mrs. Broadiles' persecutor said things like, "Beware, beware, what kind of knickers do you wear"? He was also accustomed to ask her whether she wore "French knickers". Neither Trubler nor I knew what, exactly, these garments were, but we could not miss the point, the associations of the word French in that context.

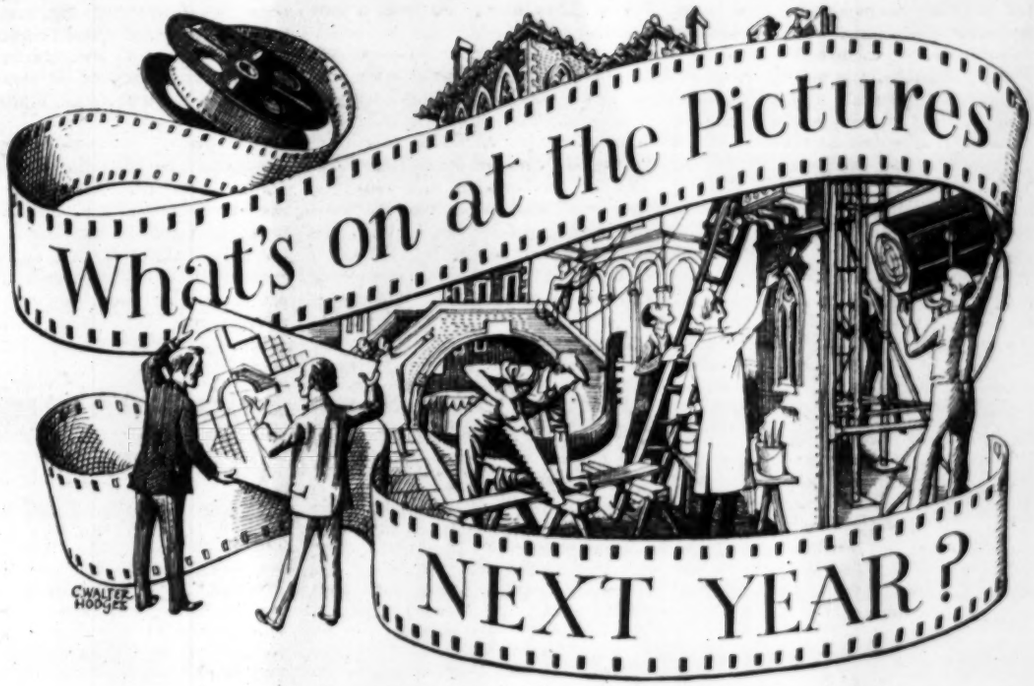
I said that the persecution must be tiresome and that I understood it was his duty to try to stop it; but I did not think it would lead to anything worse. Trubler was not comforted. He said that "that sort of thing" led to a little girl disappearing sooner or later, and rape and murder and the usual Sunday newspaper editor's delight. I had no idea whether this was sound, nor how much psychopathology a village policeman would know. Trubler was explaining about the difficulties in trapping the man: the telephone exchange was automatic; the man must be someone who at once knew when the captain, Captain Broadiles, was out. None of the villagers seemed likely candidates. It was hard listening, because I was remembering. "Were they poultry farmers"? I asked. They were.

In that case—the name was unusual—I knew them. Once I worked as gardener for a man who had made a fortune out of advising an association of brewers how to reduce their income tax or something: he had a Victorian baroque mansion in metroland, with rhododendrons and lawns and a few hundred acres of poor land badly farmed. The Broadiles were tenants of his. They had a bungalow and six acres of tired grass covered with wire and coops and chickens: they sold eggs and table-birds. Their house smelled of the insides of poultry. Everyone said of them, "Such a quiet couple," probably because they did not talk to each other and had no wireless, and never went to the pictures; I daresay they could not afford to.

I used to buy chicken manure from them in an attempt to make something of my employer's fruit plantation. Broadiles was a heavy man who had something the matter with one leg, so that his walk was stiff and awkward. It had the effect of making his bearing, and therefore his manner, seem unduly formal. He was bald, wore a sergeant-major type of moustache and his brown eyes did not seem to be convex, but flat. The really odd thing about him was that he never listened to what one said: in any kind of conversation, idle or businesslike, he followed his own line of thought exclusively. He permitted his interlocutor to have his say at the usual intervals, but meanwhile his expressionless eyes looked away, he seemed deliberately not to pay attention, and when he resumed speaking it was always exactly at the point where he had left off. It was disconcerting because one never really knew whether he understood what had been arranged, nor whether he agreed. He had a deep, unmodulated voice. If one persisted in getting him to say that he understood what had been arranged and would take certain action, he never said "Yes" or "I will," but "Broadiles will do it, old man". He called all males "old man" but there was no friendliness in it.

Mrs. Broadiles was an extremely thin woman with pale blue eyes. Her rather sparse yellow hair had pink lights in it and she had a red nose which no powder seemed to bleach. Yet she might once have been pretty. It was said that she wanted children but had had four miscarriages. I think her husband's taciturnity must have been a trial to her because when one went to their house she chattered and giggled in a way which was embarrassing, especially as Broadiles seemed not to hear a word of it and they never addressed each other directly, although they did not seem to have quarrelled. She was quite a young woman but she was always talking round the subject of her age. She used, apropos of anything or nothing, to say "After all, I'm a woman of a certain age," putting the last three word into inverted commas. She knew it was an exaggeration; she was like the tennis player who cannot bear being just commonplace and arrogates to himself the distinction of being "the worst player in the world".

I don't suppose Mrs. Broadiles was what is called a well-bred woman but she seemed bothered by the vulgarity of her husband's insistence on retaining his military title; or perhaps there was some better reason for her uneasiness, perhaps she had the sensibility to feel that the part of a captain did not suit Broadiles, which was true; or perhaps he had never been a captain



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at all. After all, he lived in a private world of his own. At all events she always referred to him not by name, nor as "my husband," but, giggling, as "the capting". This facetiousness repeated so often was tiresome. In an inexplicable way it was also valid: Broadiles was utterly "the capting".

As for his private world I had a glimpse of it during one of the economic or political crises during the Labour Party's first post-war tenure of office. I forget which crisis. A number of people happened to meet at the Broadiles gate; the press had been whooping the crisis up into a near-panic as usual; we were talking politics. Broadiles drove up in his very old and very dirty Austin Seven and got out and, I suppose because we were outside his place, one of us politely asked his opinion. For once he must have listened to what was said. His face got redder than usual and I saw a kind of red gleam even in his almost ginger-coloured eyes. He said, with complete and final assurance, the absolute authority of one who knows, "You need not worry. Churchill is going to *take over*." Heaven knows what he had in mind: some sort of *putsch* or *coup d'état* perhaps. In his private world that is what the situation would have called for and received.

I told Trubler what little I knew about them. I also told him that they had left the district where I had known them, rather suddenly.

"You mean, shot the moon?"

I said I did not think that: if they had owed rent I should have heard about it, my employer being one of those men who clamour complaint of unpunctual debtors to the whole world. I had heard no gossip of debts to shop-keepers.

I had to remain in Trubler's neighbourhood until the evening of the next day and during the morning I met Broadiles outside the village post-office. To my surprise he was in battle-dress, with pips on his shoulder. I had not even known that there was still a Home Guard, but it seems there is: Broadiles was an officer in it. Either he had changed since I knew him, or he was made easier by the uniform, as if, inside it, he knew where he was and felt safe. He still did not listen to any voice outside his personal microcosm; he still had the old, flat, blank stare. He looked no older. He talked about the Home Guard. "There aren't many of us, old man. It's voluntary, you know. The chaps get nothing but the uniform. We're even a bit short of boots. We've got some rifles, though. We had a bazooka but the regulars borrowed it for manœuvres, and never sent it back. It's wonderful the way the men turn out, give up their time, old man. Splendid chaps, splendid; I can't tell you . . ."

To my amazement I saw that there were tears in his eyes.

Afterwards I learned that there were seven men who, in fact, "turned out". One was a lot over age.

I went to say good-bye to Trubler before I went home. His superiors had been through to the police at Broadiles' last home, where I had known him. There was some surprising news: there, too, Mrs. Broadiles had lodged complaints of receiving indecent telephone calls. The persecution had gone on for a long time, but in the end they had found the man responsible; or rather, Mrs. Broadiles had at last recognised the voice, for once incautiously raised above an anonymous whisper. "There can't be two men," I said, "he must have followed her here. What an extraordinary thing!"

Trubler smiled: he said, "He had to follow her, in a manner of speaking."

"Good God!" I said, "Broadiles?" Trubler nodded: "No law against a husband saying what he likes to his wife, on the 'phone. Daresay she might 've asked for Court protection: got it, too, perhaps. She wouldn't like to do that, a lady like her. They lef', sudden."

Less than a year later they likewise left Trubler's parish, equally "sudden". He told me so when next I saw him. The telephone persecution had continued; and not a trace of a clue. Then, once again, Mrs. Broadiles had accused her husband. She had gone to the police cottage to lay the information, and had been hysterical, and cried, and referred to Broadiles not as "the capting (giggle)", but as Jack; and she had said she believed him to be mad.

Trubler had taken a risk and confronted Broadiles with this information. He had caught him when he was in his H.G. uniform, and so, perhaps, relatively forthcoming. He had listened to Trubler's carefully worded apologetic statement, his face remaining wooden, his eyes as empty as ever and when Trubler had no more to say, Broadiles said, abruptly, as if he were barking words of command on parade. "She makes it up. Nobody phones. Third time she's done it."

And turned; and marched away up the street. It was not long after that that they left.

"Which of them was lying?" Trubler asked me.

"I don't know," I said.

"N'more do I," he said, and added, "Not that it makes much odds: there won't be much peace for them, either way."

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Nine Cultured Pearls

AUGUST is the theatre's cruellest month. At every stage door dearth, stagnation and something like a state of siege prevails. Everywhere business managers are rubbing their hare's feet and murmuring nervously, "Please God, we'll hang on till the autumn!" Strolling down Shaftesbury Avenue on these broiling hot afternoons you can almost hear the receipts falling off in the box offices, as the tide of weekly bookings for the year's smash hits ebbs ominously towards the critical "get out" figure, and the misses expire in a rash of "Last Week" posters. The backers are lazing in Portofino or Las Palmas, the critics are rising in swallow clouds and winging towards Edinburgh. The Drama lies lapped in an uneasy peace.

At such a time one's thoughts turn resentfully to one's favourite dramatists and to the plays that they have left unwritten. Mr. Rodney Acland, for example. Where is that taut, spare, sad, witty, dry little comedy about life in a Chelsea Espresso? Where is Mr. Coward's *Entente Cordiale*, that gay, scintillating musical based on the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, with sets by Cecil Beaton and deportment by the Baroness de Stoeckl, starring Mr. Felix Aylmer as Paul Cambon and Mr. Peter Ustinov as the Peacemaker? And what about Mr. Ustinov himself? How long is the Coliseum to wait for his four-decker melodrama written around the last days of the Romanovs, with the author himself cast for Rasputin the Rascal Monk? Why has Mr. Rattigan not yet exercised his forensic genius on the Marconi Scandal? (Mr. Emlyn Williams would make a magnificent L.G. and Mr. Alec Guinness a superb Sir Rufus Isaacs.) What is Mr. Sandy Wilson doing about *The Green Hat*?

In the intervals of building these theatrical Spanish castles, I have been re-reading my favourite book of dramatic *pastiche—Neuf Perles de Culture*, by Jacques Laurent and Claude Martine, published by Gallimard some time ago. Here are the nine cultured pearls of contemporary French drama—Giraudoux, Sartre, Audiberti, Montherlant, Claudel, Cocteau, Camus, Mauriac and Anouilh—each mirrored with a wit and a faithfulness that takes the admiring reader's breath away. The length of these imaginary excerpts varies from ten or a dozen pages to a complete act. The rules of the game are rigid and unvarying: no more than four characters, three men and a woman—"*l'un habillé d'un vêtement sévère, l'autre d'un short, le troisième d'un uniforme de chevau-léger. La femme porte une robe blanche. On doit entendre une sirène de pompiers.*" Though each scene is brilliant parody, each is perfectly actable in its own right. At least four of the pastiches—those of Sartre, Claudel, Giraudoux and Anouilh—are bull's-eyes, the rest are "inners" that just miss the centre of the target.

The ambiances have been selected with appropriate ingenuity. Anouilh's *L'Agnelle Noire* is set in a Biarritz villa ("*aspect général cossu et bourgeois; quelques détails excentriques*"), Mauriac's *Le Souffle au Cœur* in a tumble-down country house somewhere near Bordeaux ("*Par la porte-fenêtre on aperçoit les pins engourdis par l'été . . . Un écrasant après-midi landais se prépare.*) A stock Landes situation, three generations of the Carvet-Cayolles family running after a nubile young Spanish American named Guillemette, the oldest lecher well in the lead. With the rest of the family dispersed through disaster, Grandpa Hérard meditates on his opportunity:

Où est le temps où je pouvais remercier Dieu de ce qui m'arrivait d'heureux! L'étendue de mon triomphe m'effraie. Ils sont tous partis. Cette maison est un désert comme les champs d'avoine fauchés ou je préparais, mon oral de bachot en rêvant à la jeune fille. Seulement, ce soir, la jeune fille est là, celle qu'on attend toute sa vie. . . ."

With Claudel we are in Warsaw, 1812, at the house of the fur merchant, Pierre de Mauchaussée. Pierre is eager to fit the Grande Armée out for its winter campaign. His wife Vesprée, one of those mystagogical shrews conceived after the old tiger's own heart, slaps down her tradesman husband in best Claudelian fashion as the curtain rises:

Pierre: *Pourquoi Dieu a-t-il fait des fourrures demi-dures et des fourrures demi-molles?*
Vesprée: *IL a fait la fourrure et c'est toi, Pierre de Mauchaussée, qui oses la juger.*

The Sartre (*Le Coup de Tête*) is an even better conception. Michel, a photographer, an ex-surrealist star of the Twenties, has turned to *le porno* for a living. In his Montmartre studio he and his associates Juan and Mado are busy staging a lubricious tit-bit for the boulevard tourists: "*Carmen une minute avant la possession!*" Mado, a generous girl, is saving up to buy her lover a delivery van with her earnings, but the lover, needless to say, is unaware of this. His arrival at the studio in the middle of an erotic clinch is a signal for every kind of existentialist attitude.

Best of all, perhaps, is Anouilh's soiled ewe-lamb, a young actress and her terrible old "pro" of a father, who is trying to marry his daughter off to a rich and infatuated young man. Here MM. St. Laurent and Martine have even improved upon their author. Le Père Lechat is a perfect horror of the provincial green-room, "*un vieux bougre de la famille des Mounets et des Coquelins.*" Thackeray, let alone M. Anouilh, would not be ashamed of Le Père. Like all the characters in this enchanting book, he is something more than a pasteboard figure of parody. How much, in these August doldrums, we would enjoy fleshing our wit on the Nine Cultured Pearls of the West End theatre.

JOHN RAYMOND

Lincoln Cathedral

No great thing is created suddenly—

EPICTETUS *(1st CENTURY A.D.)*

Everything grows. A tree, a house, a school of thought—each adds to itself carefully with the years. And when they are great, their growth is the more leisurely. A nation, a religion, a way of life — these ask not for generations, but for centuries.

Among the community's great organizations today industry has one of the longest histories. It can trace its course back for two centuries, to dark mills and primitive machines. Now, it serves the community's economic needs in a million ways, and provides the material foundation for modern standards of life and leisure. For, as industry's technical achievement grows, so does its field for service.

Great organizations, high traditions, are best made slowly. Which is to say, great responsibilities are assumed gradually and with understanding.

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Real Oils

COMPARE the working materials of an oil painter with those of a watercolourist, an etcher, a printer, a draughtsman. He uses a brush more like a house-painter's than a sable. On his palette he has solid mounds of pigment more like putty than ink. When he makes a mark on his canvas or board, he feels the resistance of the material; far more than any other artist in two dimensions, he has a sense of building: each brush mark a brick, each line a prop, each scumbled area a curtain. From these and other characteristics of the process of oil painting comes its unique æsthetic opportunity—and limitation.

Oil paintings are the most materialist of pictures. One looks at a watercolour as through a window, at a drawing as though it were an image in one's own mind, at a fresco as though it were a panorama, but if you look at a great oil painting you feel that it has been built round you, that you are *in* it, walking, handling, testing, holding. The oil painting was born with bourgeois society when a new importance was given to the individual and his property, and its very nature is linked to the idea of personally, sensuously possessing the subject—though in an entirely disinterested way.

To the painter himself all this might seem overcomplicated. But just because the process for him is so largely a question of visual habit, his development depends a great deal upon his familiar visual environment. And it is here that the English weather and light have affected English art. The typical English light, in contrast to that of France, the Mediterranean or the Low Countries, tends to make scenes *immaterial*; it produces silhouettes rather than solids, emphasises movement rather than weight, offers mystery rather than miracles of fact. This, I am certain, is one of the fundamental reasons why we have had a flourishing school of watercolourists and graphic artists but so few great oil painters (those we have had, like Constable, Turner and Sickert, have had to "live" their subjects as well as observe them).

Today, when so much art derives from art instead of nature, the difficulties of the average English oil painter are less obvious. Yet as soon as one gets away from London to the provinces, where cosmopolitan tricks are less in evidence, the old difficulties become obvious again. Of the 18 *Young Midland Artists* at the Zwemmer Gallery only John Melville with his strong, raw portraits, and possibly A. K. Humphris with his back-garden scene, are natural oil painters. All the others, at least as far as their present subjects and vision are concerned, would be more successful working in different media, and if their art schools hadn't succumbed to the snobbery of The Real Oil Painting, they would have been taught this. John Hart's stark, heavyweight fences, town trees and industrial corners would have probably made far better woodcuts: Evelyn Gibbs's aerial smoke and sunscape a better watercolour: Colin Finn's film-shot-like market view a better etching or lithograph: Keith Winnett's large painting of backyard turkeys a better small gouache: Michael Major's museum scene a better descriptive illustration.

What makes Edward Middleditch's large upright canvas of a standard rose and a cat so outstanding in the Beaux Arts *Summer Show* is that he is, or is fast becoming, a true oil painter. This is the most beautiful painting I have seen by a young contemporary this summer. One is made to feel the dryness of old rosewood, the aluminium sharpness of the leaves, the voluptuousness of the marmalade cat in the sun, the surprise of the blossoms; and yet each comment, each discovery, is fitted into the severe composition of the horizontal cat and doorstep and the vertical standard and entrance behind. One possesses this corner of a garden, and the ordered intensity of that visual possession becomes a celebration of all basking cats and flowering roses surrounded by asphalt. And then when one looks closely at the flowers, like pink-white molten iron against the dark doorway but soft as milk against the white wall, one sees that they are painted with a spilt but very precise undertone and then tied, whipped, held into their cup form by the most accurately drawn gestures of three or four petals. That is the magic of painting.

At the I.C.A.'s *New Sculptors* exhibition the senseless search for novelty goes on, and, with the notable exception of Ralph Brown's and Hartas's work, the same petty crimes are committed against the image of man in art. Inflate the limbs, stick chewed lumps of clay together, beat out a torso into a boiler front, assemble metal needles, like the bristles of a lavatory brush, into the rough shape of a figure, distort, despair and deceive yourself in any way you can, but never study nature because to be original then it is necessary to be very humble and you run the risk of your works being compared to others.

JOHN BERGER

Goodbye to All That

"IT'S farewell to the drawing-room's civilised cry"—or rather, to the cries and images that, civilised or otherwise, have for the past eighteen months or so been emanating from one corner of the drawing-room. Commercial television is upon us. It makes the criticism of television even more important than it has been up to now, just as it enormously widens its scope. By the same token, it makes the exercise of criticism that confines itself to B.B.C. programmes absurd: I live beyond the reach of I.T.A. programmes: the only alternative to moving house is to retire.

Perhaps I ought to have moved house, for one does have the strong feeling that one is turning one's back on the most important event in the history of TV in England since the invention of the medium. Anything, one feels, may happen, for the better or for the worse; and contemplating the prospect, I suspect most of us are in two minds. We have been brought up on the B.B.C. For us, the B.B.C. represents the norm. It may be a good thing that the era of commercial television was preceded by the B.B.C. monopoly: at least, we think, the B.B.C. has set the standards. Yet do we want a commercial service that is simply a reflection of the B.B.C.? Surely not. Ideally, we want a service, or a number of services, as different as possible. Whether we shall get it remains to be seen. It seems plain that the I.T.A. will always be in danger of being caught between rival and opposed pressures. One is that of the commercial interests, the advertisers. In the past, we have tended to assume that this could be equated with programmes of a vulgarity the B.B.C. would never permit, a naive belief that can scarcely exist any longer when we see the vulgarity the B.B.C. can now descend to. For if commercial television will be in competition with the B.B.C., the B.B.C. itself is obviously already in competition with what it guesses commercial television will be like.

The other pressure is what may be called the pressure of official sources, of the Establishment. The Establishment has had the B.B.C. where it wanted it from the beginning, ever since the inspired appointment of Mr. Reith as general manager of the British Broadcasting Company. Has the Establishment got the I.T.A. where it wants it? We shall probably know very soon. If the Director-General and governors, together with the heads of the producing companies, accept without struggle the Postmaster-General's edict on the appearance on the screen of members of Parliament and what they may discuss in the nature of parliamentary business, then we shall not be far wrong in thinking that the Establishment has taken over. If this happens, then a considerable part of the I.T.A.'s real reason for existence will already have gone.

For at bottom the only thing that matters is the question of freedom, and freedom, like other things, is indivisible. Freedom of religious discussion, freedom in artistic expression, neither is likely to remain with us long if free comment on politics is gagged. It may be asked how serious discussion on any of these subjects can be expected in a medium depending, as TV does, on a huge popular audience. To that there seems to me only one answer. It is the answer from faith. If we really believe in democracy or the possibility of democracy then we have to believe these things are possible. If we repress them, or attempt to repress them, whatever lip-service we may pay it, we are really saying that we believe democracy is neither possible nor desirable.

Television today is at a point in its existence not unlike that at which the newspaper proprietors and magazine publishers found themselves about seventy years ago. Then there was a whole newly literate public to be taken for the asking; to be exploited, to be drugged, or to be quickened into a richer life. The result was a cultural revolution which, even now, it is not easy to assess. We are offended by sections of the mass-circulation press? Very well; but one manifestation of this cultural revolution was the Everyman's Library and a more recent has been the success of Penguin Books. If commercial television offers glorious scope for a new Pearson or Harmsworth, it offers scope no less glorious for whoever aspires to succeed Sir Allen Lane as a public benefactor.

But if we are to have anything like the latter something is needed: the presence of an audience, however small in the beginning, to respond and encourage and applaud. It is here that the educated public has its special part to play. Up till now, the educated have more or less shunned television, just as, until the war, they very largely shunned sound radio. There are no doubt surreptitious viewers among the cultured who take good care to have indoor aerials, but as a whole for the educated classes television is something to feel superior to. Now in terms of the programmes offered to them, there may be reason in this, though I would deny it: during my eighteen months of viewing I have seen many excellent programmes that insult no one's taste or intelligence and are at least on the level of interest of the book "no one can afford to miss." The fact is that it is from people of some education that the critical audience for television must come. If they do not find what they want they must shout until they get it. If they turn their backs to it, they will not be able to complain when they discover the medium has become the medium of new ways of injecting more insidious dope; and, unwittingly, they will have participated in a new *trahison des clercs*.

WILLIAM SALTER

Our Whacking Friend

"Confidential Report," at Warner's
"We're No Angels," at the Plaza

Mr. Orson Welles is huge fun. Even if I don't pursue him on extra-cinematic flights, I can't help knowing that, newly married, he inhabits a London row, that he was for a short while to be found in his own *Moby Dick*, that he has his half-hours on television, mystery tales in evening papers, even reviews on review pages.

On the screen he is a comparative stranger. For some time all I have seen of him has been an anecdotal flash in a ghost story, a swelling—as Lord Montgobbo or some such—in a Somerset Maugham fantasy. I must say that these appearances—to which I should add a fainter, if more purple, memory of a kilted laird in Technicolor—have usually raised the temperature or thrown out the surroundings. But a Welles film—when was that? *Macbeth*, or Wrath on the Mappin Terraces; and then the *Othello* we've done all but see. Now, at Warner's, comes a real Welles film, written, directed, principalled, overhung by the master himself.

And it *is* huge fun. *Confidential Report* has all—or nearly all—the look of *Citizen Kane*, with a castle in Spain that is a real castle, superb, terrifying in its elevation; a dollar king, no less towering and murderous; the extreme perspective, the sudden looming or withdrawal. The baroque manner is splendidly sustained (all manner of

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camera tilting, but the style can take it), so that one is almost content just to look and enjoy a fantastic, seamy tour of Europe.

Almost. The story is of a *Third Man* kind—Greene rewritten by, say, Wyndham Lewis. Reduced to bare bones it is a good story. The monstrous millionaire (who but Welles himself, appearing late, and looming like an old ship's prow?) can remember nothing of what he did before the age of twenty-two when, with money in his wallet, he embarked on his fortunes. He would like to find out; so engages an adventurer to hunt down the past, which he does, having also in mind the hope of the daughter of millions. He finds strange, amusing, incriminating cronies to question; and after he has discovered them they are struck down, and—a real moment of terror—he finds that all these wipings-off are being ingeniously pinned on himself. The film, then, has a double level, the visual bravura and the thriller thread, and one must—though it's a bit of an effort—attend to both at once. Let me admit that the confusing magic of the Welles method held me spellbound a good deal of the time. The chase at the beginning with a figure running away while his shadow slowly dances back on a wall; the religious procession and the party of enormous masks; the Kafka-like adventures with an old man (Akim Tamiroff) let out of prison and hugging his death to him in an attic; the interviews (this reminds us of *Kane*) with an old brothel keeper (Katina Paxinou), a soapy antique dealer (Michael Redgrave), and a flea-trainer (Mischa Auer); to say nothing of Welles himself, whose voice, architecture, sculptural make-up, and magnetic gaze are everywhere enhanced by camera magic—all these create a fascination that would certainly have drawn me to see the film again, if the open air hadn't, for our place and season, been so unwontedly compelling. I would sum up *Confidential Report* by saying that it is Welles's best film since *The Magnificent Ambersons*: that it aims at outdoing *The Third Man*, and succeeds in everything except the all-important narrative line; that, given Welles's capabilities, it fascinates, stirs, but disappoints. But disappointment with such thrills is worth half a dozen successes.

The fun in *We're No Angels* is of the mildest order, with a trio of escaped murderers dropped in on a Devil's Island household for Christmas and playing the part of good angels. The whole thing is a charade that would be a good deal more riotous in the theatre. Mr. Peter Ustinov is most at home in the completely theatrical situation, with moues and refinements and a heart obviously brimming over. Mr. Bogart has criminal intentions, but never convinces us that he is more than trifling with what he can bring off in grim earnest.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Romanticks," at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park

Mr. Robert Atkins makes a break with tradition by varying his open air Shakespeare with an open air Rostand. Scenically it is a perfect choice, for *The Romanticks* is set in a garden, a garden divided by a wall. On one side lives old Bergamin, on the other old Pasquinot, and the son of the one woos the daughter of the other across it. These are the Romanticks, yearning to heal the feud between their quarrelling parents; they see themselves as a latter-day Romeo and Juliet joining in amity their Capulets and Montagus. But the reality is different: the two fathers are sworn friends. They have devised the wall to bring their children together and they devise a fake abduction of the daughter to give the young man a chance for a romantic gesture. This is the first of the three twists, one for each act. It is all amiable and charming but dreadfully predictable. Neither the stage nor the level of acting allow for the speed which would redeem the simplicity. The play drowses through in a conventional translation in verse which flattens the contrasts and dulls the ear. Mr. Robert Eddison swings it into life with a rousing comic portrait and Mr. Robert Atkins and Mr. Russell Thorndike bumble happily away as the parents. A warm evening, an uncritical mood, an unsophisticated taste, these are the essentials for enjoyment.

T. C. W.

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ELEK BOOKS

Correspondence

FAILURE OF CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—There is no doubt whatever that the Government's manpower policy in relation to the fighting Services has failed. Consequently, the charge which the Government must now face is that they are unable to cut the call-up even if they wish to do so. In November, 1951, the Secretary of State for War introduced a new Regular engagement of three years with the Colours and four years with the Reserve. This policy was a gamble on the willingness of Regulars undertaking the new engagement to prolong their service and on March 9, 1953, Mr. Head told the House of Commons, "We should be all right if 33 per cent. of the three-year men stayed on for three years." In fact, of the 15,315 who enlisted on three-year Regular engagements in the period November 1st, 1951, to March 31st, 1952, only 5.4 per cent. have prolonged their service. The failure of regular soldiers to prolong their service is paralleled by a fall in regular recruiting. In the period from January 1, 1954, to June 30, 1954, 40,001 men joined the Regular Forces, whilst in the comparable period for 1955 the figure is 34,187. Thus the Army is declining qualitatively as well as quantitatively, for the reduction in the length and number of regular engagements and the marked decline in prolongation is bound to reduce the efficiency and well-being of the core of warrant officers and senior N.C.O.s.

This crisis has become so bad that it cannot speedily be put right. That is why, if it is wise, the Labour Party will not demand an immediate cut in the term of service, which is quite impracticable, but continue to insist on an inquiry into the workings of the National Service Act and demand that this should now be extended to cover the demonstrable failure of the Government's recruiting policies. Personally I would favour a Select Committee, since this would ensure that solutions are sought on the basis of all-Party responsibility.

House of Commons. GEORGE WIGG

THE DEATH PENALTY

SIR,—Mr. Kitching's fear that the abolition of the death penalty would mean that the psychopath like Heath would "either die in a few months or else live on as a mindless body" is erroneous because: (1) The many civilised countries which have abolished the use of death as a punishment, in some cases for generations, have not found in practice the insuperable difficulty which Mr. Kitching anticipates, and it would, I suggest, be wrong to go on killing such psychopaths upon an assumption that we cannot successfully do what other countries can do and have done; (2) Mr. Kitching's view that the aggressive psychopath is "almost certainly incurable" is not consistent with the medical evidence given before the Royal Commission, who say in their Report "many psychopaths mature as they grow older, and although some might have to be detained for a long time, it is unlikely that there would be many who could not eventually be released without public risk"; and (3) Profiting by the experience of other countries, the Government is building a special institution to take psychopaths, where they can be kept in security until they can safely be released and where conditions will certainly not be such that they will either "die in a few months" or "live on as a mindless body"; it will be ready in about 18 months.

King's Bench Walk, GERALD GARDINER
London.

SIR,—No one will suggest for a moment that Mr. Kitching and those who think like him are barbarians. And he has raised a serious question in asking what should be done with people like Neville Heath if they are not executed.

Neville Heath was an aggressive psychopath with exceptionally strong sadistic tendencies. Fortunately, such men are rare, but they do exist, and they exist in all the countries that have abolished capital punishment. Special institutions, half prison, half hospital, have been established in many of these countries specifically for psychopaths, for instance, at Herstedvester, in Denmark, and at Utrecht, in Holland. That is why the members of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment went to see some of these institutions, and recommended the establishment of a similar one in this country. This is now being done.

In many of these countries, the sentence for sexual psychopaths, including murderers, is indeterminate. The date of their release depends largely on the extent to which they are prepared to co-operate with the psychiatrists. Treatment is difficult, but cure, or at any rate partial adjustment, is achieved in about 50 per cent. of the cases. Sometimes it is necessary to keep very dangerous men for a very long time, or indeed for life. But this is what already happens to persons in Broadmoor. Life there is by no means a living death. Inmates are able to do useful work, act in plays, have cinema shows and other entertainment. Above all, there is always the hope of improvement and release. And that, really, is the whole point—for while there is life there is hope.

HUGH J. KLARE,
Secretary
The Howard League for Penal Reform.
Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

IRAQI STUDENTS

SIR,—You have recently referred to the action of the Iraqi Government in withdrawing education grants, and refusing renewal of passports to some Iraqi students in Britain. Now it is reported (in the *Iraq Times*, July 21) that the Iraq Minister of Education, Sayid Khalil Kanna, "looks to the co-operation of the British authorities in cancelling their residence permits in Britain." This introduces a sinister note, and increases the apprehensions of the students concerned about their future should they be compelled now to return to Iraq. I share their appre-

hensions, and, in addition, resent the Iraqi Minister advising the British Government how it should exercise itself in granting sanctuary from oppression.

On my intervention, the Home Office have granted a respite to two students whose passports have already expired. I have asked that they be allowed to stay in Britain, at least until their studies are completed.

I may say that I have visited the Iraqi Embassy in London twice about this matter, on one occasion leading a deputation of British students from Manchester University and the London School of Economics. On both occasions I have left convinced that the charges of "political activity" directed against the Iraqi Students' Society were trivial judging by the examples given. Also I have been troubled by the Embassy's refusal to cite instances of individual political action in the cases of those who are being proceeded against.

If the Iraqi Government is really anxious to give some of their young men the benefit of education in Britain, they will have to appreciate that in so doing they cannot insulate them against becoming contaminated with ideas.

WILL GRIFFITHS

House of Commons.

IN THE WILDERNESS

SIR,—I am surprised that there has not been a flood of replies to Mr. Priestley's prolonged whine about modern society. There is much wrong with it, of course, but there is a good deal that is right. I refer to his loosely argued political comments.

He seems to consider the recent election result as conclusive evidence of the political imbecility of the majority in this country. I should have thought that the result showed the exercise of political judgment of a high order. It is generally accepted (even by Priestley) that the Socialists did not deserve victory. The electors registered this view, but with strong reservations. In effect the people told the Tories that they hold office on sufferance, and that if they do not govern effectively, they will get rough treatment next time. It was noteworthy that good Socialists got strong backing against the general trend. And though the electors gave the Tories an adequate majority they did not panic as in 1924 and 1931. The electors also killed the idea that they are political robots, whose minds are so identical that their political intentions can be gauged by sampling the opinions of a couple of thousand people.

The good sense shown by the British electors this year was, in my opinion, equalled by the Americans in 1954. They killed McCarthyism, toned down the belligerence of the Pentagon, and gave Eisenhower a clear peace mandate, which he is very intelligently doing his best to carry out. As in Britain, the American electors showed excellent discrimination, returning good Republicans against the general trend, and rejecting not-so-good Democrats. These elections, in the two most advanced democratic countries, go far, I believe, to refute Priestley's charge of political moronity. Naturally British politicians thought the people apathetic because they did not attend meetings. That was not the case at all. Actually the electors were ahead of the politicians. Having made up their minds about voting, they very sensibly attended to their gardens and their other hobbies rather than waste time listening to dreary speeches mass produced in the central offices of the parties.

I fear that the trouble with Priestley, and many other wealthy men, is that they believe they are carrying the Welfare State and an unappreciative populace on their backs. In Priestley's case, resentment takes the form of railing against the world in general. In actual fact the people pay for the Welfare State themselves.

Often low-paid workers are taxed more heavily, relatively, than super-tax payers like Mr. Priestley. It is estimated that a man earning £10 a week (unless he does not smoke or drink) pays as much as £3 a week in indirect taxation. Imagine how heavily this unjust fiscal system presses on the farm worker with £7 a week. Therein, of course, is the key to much of the unrest about the high cost of living.

Mr. Priestley did much to popularise the notion of Welfare State. In a sense therefore he has a responsibility for helping to remedy its imperfections, such as those mentioned above. Why does he not turn his attention to such matters instead of generalising sourly (on little evidence) about the degeneracy of the world today? GWILYM WILLIAMS

Tankerton.

SOCIAL REALISM

SIR,—Mr. R. O. Dunlop talks about Mr. Berger's "North London attic mind." He also states: "Everywhere people today are contented with their life. The proletariat know nothing of Mr. Berger's dark and monotonous reality."

What unmitigated nonsense!

If Mr. Dunlop would leave his "Old Mill Cottage" and travel north to Newcastle-upon-Tyne and then by the electric train to Jarrow, across the river to Howden, back to Newcastle and then down into County Durham to the villages of Horden and Shotton, he would see the colliery rows under the shadow of the chimneys.

Perhaps he would then realise why the "young painters group together in bleakness" and also that Mr. John Berger, far from being "blinded by a literary, politico, moral view," is perhaps the only critic of modern painting with any vision.

3 Greenbank Villas, MARTIN BRENNAN

Jarrow, Co. Durham.

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—Burckhardt is fashionable and somewhat overpraised, but this is no reason against praising him. He is not one of the very great 19th-century historians: the competition is, after all, stiff. Even among intelligent whig-conservatives he can probably not compete with, say, Toqueville. His predictions are less original than Mr. Trevor-Roper appears to think; the poet Heine, for instance, made equally startling ones about the Germans well before the Bismarckian age. But he is a sensitive and learned re-creator of past atmosphere, and an intelligent pessimist, and as such has given much pleasure and some illumination.

But why should praise of Burckhardt imply making silly statements about Marx? Having read no Orosius or Baronius, and not very much Bossuet, I cannot compare their merits with Marx; and perhaps I may be forgiven the charitable assumption that Mr. Trevor-Roper has not read much of either Marx or the other three. But this is not a matter of personal judgment. Orosius, Baronius and Bossuet are dead as historians because no historian today cares a rap what they wrote, thinks their views worth a minute's consideration, or modifies his work because of theirs. Nor, for that matter, do many people trouble to refute Burckhardt, while the mark which he has left on subsequent historiography, not to mention politics, is charming but exceedingly faint. On the other hand, ever since the 1860s, the printing-presses have barely kept pace with the flood of commentaries, discussions, refutations, developments and rejections of Marx' historical ideas. These ideas have transformed academic history. Every historian worthy of the name, including Mr. Trevor-Roper, reflects this fact in his work, if only by his deliberate resistance to it. If Marx is "dead" as a historian, it is difficult to think of many who are "alive."

Nor indeed have his actual historical writings lost their value. If any of our work survives as well in a century as *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon* has done, we shall be very lucky. E. J. HOBSBAWM

37 Gordon Mansions, W.C.1.

SWEDISH IDYLL

SIR,—If Professor Hyman Levy "shoots very wide of the mark," may I suggest that Critic chooses his words rather loosely, and that both gentlemen should acquaint themselves with the figures for (a) Sweden's population; (b) Sweden's size; (c) Sweden's lake, river and archipelago area?

It is absurd to use the English term "country house" to describe Swedish summer habitations, which are mostly log huts. Even the Swedish *herrgard* (manor house) is often no larger than an English cottage or lodge.

In these circumstances almost any Swede can own a summer *stuga* (hut): he mostly builds it with his own hands; he mostly uses it only during school holidays. Owing to the density of lakeside forests, such huts are invisible in summer; owing to the number and the size of the lakes, "the miners and wood-workers" need not lack the illusion of an "individual" lake. Were this not so, the Swedish habit of swimming nude would hardly have become the tradition it has.

I spend my summers in just such surroundings: lake, about eight miles long; log hut, about twenty feet by ten (two rooms); electric light but no tap water or drains; rent, five shillings a week. Most of my neighbours—farmers, lumbermen, or employees of Stora Kopparbergs Bergslaget company (the original owners of the Falu copper mines dating from about 1670)—own a motor car; all own a motor bike. If a family doesn't own a log hut, they spend the school holidays on the paternal farm.

I agree with Professor Levy's puzzled "Bored with what?" The workers and technicians are not bored: Stockholm "intellectuals" may be.

Dalarna, P. T. U. URCH

Sweden.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Gilded Cage

THE great battles for the emancipation of women are over. There are now only skirmishings and frontier incidents between different but equal powers to which we give the name of the sex-war; and we can all fire off a few personal shots in that perennial campaign which is more notable for its ricochets than its bulls' eyes. Female labour is still cheaper labour, but young females are not conscripted. Women are not paid for their domestic work in the home; on the other hand, the State does not require, as it does with men, that a third or more of the week's work shall be done for the feudal tyrant in the Tax Collector's office. The feminists of the educated classes, who themselves had fought to go to the university, are now disinclined—partly for economic reasons in the hard-hit middle class—to send their daughters there. The ideological issues have, in short, become technical, and we look back with the boredom of the converted upon the cannonades of Mary Wollstonecraft and John Stuart Mill.* Our life would be tedious and unworkable without the freedom of women which was an inevitable result of the general liberation on which our society has been based since the late 18th century. The only serious modern assault came from Fascism, which attempted to destroy all liberties. Contemporary attacks on the idea of Progress would end in the re-enslavement of women, in the same way. It is true that Mill thought that there was no progress without freedom, and that if we did not progress, we would stagnate first and regress at leisure; but it would be foolish and blind not to see that the lasting gain of the rhetorical belief in Progress was the pragmatic importance of choice. The opponents of female emancipation spoke and wrote as if there were some fanatical movement on foot to force the whole sex out of its sexuality, out of matrimony, motherhood and the pleasure of pleasing their partners or being pleased with them, when really all that was being said was that women were now part of a society which lived by exercising choice. Time has justified the feminist arguments: the tyranny of women in countries where there has been little or no emancipation has reduced male life there to tedium and slavery.

Coleridge found the conversation of Mary Wollstonecraft lively and imaginative, and said that she outmatched her intellectual husband. The imagination, he said, always dominated the intellect. When we turn to her famous essay we find it sombre, repetitive and unrelieved; but there is this passionate force behind it. She had the wit to demolish the enemy by agreeing with him first and turning his defences against him. It was perfectly true, she said, that most women had inferior minds, were weak, silly, capricious, cunning, expensive and power-loving. They wallowed in their feelings, turned into bad mothers, were tyrannical employers of servants. Serious conversation was impossible with them. They corrupted as mistresses. They bored as wives. Once their beauty was gone and with it the capacity to incite physical love, once their families had grown up, they were left with little occupation but whining complaint, self-pity and the use of their tempers. All this was the inevitable result of applying a divided moral standard to the sexes. She turned for her analogies in good 18th-century fashion to the tyrannies of kings and priesthoods and the menace of standing armies. These analogies seem to us, of course, absurdly pretentious; but they indicate the moral sources of her revolutionary spirit. Her shrewdest point is that in accepting a race of carnal slaves, men had forgotten that the slave ends by being the tyrant of his master. Or—as the subtler Mill was to observe a generation later—those who are denied freedom turn their sick energies into obtaining total power within the small circle to which they are confined and become the enemies of choice, justice and sincerity.

It was the necessity of feminism to be Puritan in spirit, but Puritanism gave the movement its exaggerations and absurdities. Feminism, indeed, created more opposition among women than among men; and a cynic, like myself, cannot hold back a delighted laugh that a woman like Mary Wollstonecraft made the attack upon other women's clothes a pointed part of her argument. Ornament, adornment, the prettification of the person—what inanities! she said. If she were to return to consider the emancipated woman, what (as Miss Daphne du Maurier asks in her introduction to this new edition of *The Rights of Women*) of the women's magazines of today? Here, horoscopes, romantic novels, articles on dress and How to Get or Manage Him, are issued by the emancipated to the emancipated. Did women become free in order to go on being women? It did not occur to Mary Wollstonecraft that a man might be driven mad by intellectual conversation or that the vices she complained of might survive a liberal upbringing and economic independence. Did women find the conversation of their husbands so engrossing? Writing out of her own misfortunes—and it was the cruel irony of her life that she was to die in childbirth—she had, like so many pious moralists, a poor idea of the reviving power of sexual love. In her disappointed and managing fashion, she was impatient of it; the sooner it dwindled into the useful doldrums of friendship the better. The general experience does not confirm her and moral proclamations rarely tally with observable behaviour. Love is an evil we dislike being without.

On these subjects, the English have always been dull judges because they are, as Mill pointed out in his brilliant essay on *The Subjection of Women*, poor psychologists. I wish I had read the following aside on the "ridiculous notions formed about the nature of women, indeed of human beings in general," in England, when I was reviewing Mr. Gorer, the other week:

> There is no place where human nature shows so little of its original lineaments. . . . England is the country in which social discipline has most succeeded, not so much in conquering, as in suppressing what is liable to conflict with it. The English, more than any other people, not only act, but feel according to rule. . . . In England, rule has, to a degree, substituted itself for nature. The greater part of life is carried on, not by following inclination under the control of rule, but by having no inclination but that of following the rule . . . it must render an Englishman peculiarly ill-qualified to pass judgment on the original tendencies of human nature from his own experience.

When we turn from the feminists to their chief enemies: those ornamented, cunning, and pleasing ladies who achieved economic independence, celebrity and even influence, by their uneducated persons, we shall see the England of lazy mis-rule, the incurable England of love and pleasure. Later feminists may be found supporting free love on principle; but the thought of love as an inconstant pleasure or a steady profession has always been an abomination to reformers. On the whole (one conjectures) this is where feminism has succeeded, for the moment: it has rationalised the *demi-monde* and replaced the voluptuousness of sin by the neuroses of promiscuity. To each age, its appropriate hypocrisies. The attack on Victorian virtue, in the last 50 years, was an attack on Victorian vice: upon the innumerable brothels, the great cocottes, the kept mistresses, the large *demi-monde* which was Nature's reply to the mid-Victorian cults of chastity and domesticity. Mr. Cyril Pearl's *The Girl with the Swansdown Seat*† takes us into the fantastic story of this genial Victorian underworld. Questions of sexual custom are never as simple as the respectable or the prying pretend. The immense amount of prostitution in England in the 19th century is often put down to the wretched wages given to the poor; but prostitution was also a gamble, an attempt to bet against the drabness of the industrial environment also. A girl did not have to be "ruined" in order to take to the profession. She liked it better than the brutalising factory or the semi-starvation of an overcrowded tenement and saw many succeed in living in luxury, comfort and even in decency by it. The sentimentalities of Dickens and others, who depicted the fallen as living in drunkenness, crime and remorse, were, in fact, written to comfort the self-esteem of the happily and established married women and their daughters, and take their minds off the crimes they were committing. To console them also, no doubt for the fact that, among the rich at any rate, the cost of marriage had become so preposterous for a man that he found he could live more agreeably with a "horse-breaker" or a mistress. To this economic revolt of men, according to Mr. Pearl, we owe the pleasant villas of St. John's Wood, and many a little street of pretty houses in other parts of London. Most of us have derived our false ideas of life in different periods of the 19th century from novels which have purveyed the propaganda of the enriched middle class. We have even been told that the Victorians owed their enormous, extroverted energy in the industrial revolution, trade, social reform, discovery and imperialism to their suppression of sexual expenditure. This wishful argument has been popular in

* *The Rights of Woman*. By MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. *The Subjection of Women*. By JOHN STUART MILL. *Everyman's Library*. *Dent*. 6s.

† *The Girl with the Swansdown Seat*. By CYRIL PEARL. *Frederick Muller*. 18s.

recent religious propaganda; yet the excessive and energetic are usually so in all their activities.

Social history, as Mr. Pearl's picaresque researches indicate, shows that the Victorians were neither as inhibited as their novels suggest, nor silent in the Press. They were candid and pugnacious on the subject of sex. We have seen a curious reversal of practice in our own time. The Press has become mealy-mouthed or euphemistic in a period notable for its bluntness of speech. But, as Mr. Pearl says, we must not generalise about the Victorians. We must compare decade with decade. If the fifties and sixties were times of public libertinage, the seventies saw the beginnings of the Nonconformist attack on public morals. The poorer inhabitants of the *demi-monde* were driven out of the saloons and clubs on to the streets. It became dangerous to be seen talking to a prostitute even when, as Sir Ray Lancaster found, he had intervened to defend one of them against the police. Again, one must be careful to differentiate between class habits; for in the seventies, when behaviour began to shake off mid-Victorian stiffness in the upper classes, the authorities, moralists and the police became severe on the lower classes. The crinoline was, in the unhappy minds of the sex-persecutors, an immoral garment: it enabled women to dispense with petticoats. There was a disposition, on the grounds of decency, to forbid women to clean windows. One must be struck, in both the solemn pages of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mill and the diverting chapters of Mr. Pearl, by the indefatigable will of women to be both independent and tempting. The notion that they must be all one or all the other and wrong in either case has not, fortunately, appealed to them.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Casualty

They trundled him in at three o'clock, still dead
Of night, upon a trolley, and left him
Swaddled in bandages while they warmed the bed.

He watched in dumb patience, his stiff limbs could not stir;
He would remember no word that was said,
But lay, half-smiling, drained of thought and care.

Orderlies brought white towels and cotton wool,
A screen was placed about him, then a chair,
On which a beaker and a vomit bowl.

Such simple decor lends a kind of grace;
He felt himself soothed and handled like a fool,
Soft arms drew gentle flannels across his face.

Existence beyond lay guarded by swing doors;
Throughout the night he heard the doctors pace
Slowly the silent, whitewashed corridors.

Illness annuls right, sterilizes force;
Like children expecting service for each whim
Each tries to sleep off what the blunt senses dread,
A visit to the theatre. But knives rehearse
Their dialogue with the flesh, shouts rend the dream.

Complaining of the endless pain in his head,
The patient was told that fever must run its course.
The sister went quietly out, the ward grew dim.

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON

Under the Shade of Yggdrasill

Gods of the North. By BRIAN BRANSTON. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s.*

Homeric Gods. By WALTER OTTO. *Thames & Hudson.* 21*s.*

Brian Branston's *Gods of the North* has two immediately obvious defects. The first is an assumption that the common reader can be persuaded to read books on so specialised a subject as the pagan religion of Scandinavia by a colloquial potting of history ("In the second thirty years the vikings brought their bags and made some attempt to unpack them") and by a jolly re-telling of myths—this passage describes how Loki tricked Thor into drinking the Ocean:

> Loki of Outgard said, "It's obvious now that your capacity isn't as large as we thought. Would you like to try something else? You don't seem to have got much change so far."
>
> Thor growled, "I'm game for anything—anything at all! As a matter of fact, it would have surprised me back home among the gods if such draughts as I've just drunk here had been called so little. However: what other tricks have you got up your sleeve for me?"

The other defect is a lazy agreement with C. G. Jung that myths are manifestations of the collective unconscious mind, rather than a practical hieratic shorthand.

Neither of these faults detracts from the book's scholarly value as an essay on the Scandinavian pantheon described in the *Eddas* and elsewhere; but Mr. Branston is a victim—and what scholar is not?—of the general breakdown in liaison between subjects of knowledge. Anything he does not know about Saxo Grammaticus, Snorri Sturluson, Saemund the Learned, Ari Thorgilsson and other medieval writers is, I am sure, not worth knowing. He omits to mention, however, that the Beaker Folk had brought agriculture north from the Mediterranean at the close of the third millennium B.C., together with such clear signs of southern culture as the beakers after which they are named and the Cretan maze-pattern; and that these non-Aryan people, though absorbed by the "Gothonic" newcomers, seem to have become their religious teachers—as the pre-Aryan Greeks taught the Hellenes. Instead, he tells how the Goths, pushing southward, reached the Black Sea and Southern Germany around 200 B.C., and concludes that, apart from accretions then acquired, or such late scholarly diversions as that of connecting Valhalla with Troy by making Thor a grandson of Priam, all Scandinavian myth is of native birth.

I can find no mention of the Amber Route, or even of amber, in the book. The cultural connection of Scandinavia, first with Greece (especially Sandy Pylus) in the Mycenæan Age, and then with Etruria from the seventh to the fifth centuries B.C., is attested by numerous Greek and Etruscan finds in the Baltic, and quantities of Baltic amber in Greece and Etruria. Mr. Branston shows a bronze sun-chariot from Trunholm in Zealand, "which must date prior to 600 B.C., which is commonly supposed to be the terminus of the Bronze Age in these parts"; and quotes from the *Eddas* as if to prove that the myth of the sun-chariot was of Gothonic origin. Yet the two horses Arvakr and Alsvior who pull the Norse sun-chariot have their counterparts in Helius's team; and amber in Greece was sacred to Helius; and the Helius-cult was brought to Corinth from Asia Minor; finally, the chariot is clearly Etruscan work of about 550 B.C., made under Corinthian influence.

The myth of Scyld Scefing (quoted in *Beowulf*) who had come as an infant alone in a boat from the sea, is here presented as archaic Gothonic; but seems most unlikely to have welled up from the collective unconscious of the Northmen, since a score of pre-Hellenic Greek myths describe the divine child, the annual Sun-king, as arriving in the same way, or on the back of a dolphin. Mr. Branston finds the Goddess Freya and her carriage drawn by cats, "strongly reminiscent of Tacitus's Mother Earth, or Nerthus, and her car drawn by

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JOHN MURRAY

kine, as well as of the Phrygian Matar Kubele who drives a chariot pulled by lions." But a cat is neither a cow, associated with herdsmen; nor a lion, associated with hunters. A cat is a cat, and dedicated in early Welsh myth, and in the harvest folk-dramas of Northern Europe (see *The Golden Bough*) to the Corn-goddess; for the simple reason that mice eat the corn and a cat catches mice. The origin of the Cat-goddess is Mediterranean again; in Egypt she was worshipped as the Goddess Pasht, whom the Greeks identified with Artemis the Huntress. Nor were Freya's cats wild ones; in the story of Loki and Thor a large tame tabby appears as the recognised palace pet of Outgard.

We are given a closely documented description of the world-tree Yggdrasill; an ash with its root too far down, and its crown too high for exploration. This was sacred to Odin, the Scandinavian Zeus and, incidentally, the first man created by the gods had been whittled from a log of driftwood and called *Askr*—ash. But the ash-cult was not an Indo-European one. The earliest level of myth in Greece makes the "brazen race" drop like fruit from ash-trees; *Melia*, ash, was the mother of Phoroneus, who first discovered the use of fire; the Meliæ, or ash-nymphs, who correspond with the Three Norns—dispensers of justice under Yggdrasill—were born from blood that fell on Mother Earth when Uranus was castrated. (Uranus, by the way, has a Scandinavian counterpart in "the Oldest of the Gods, nicknamed the Gelding.") Mr. Branson is at his least felicitous when, disregarding these connections, he writes that:

> Like the Hindu *Lingam*, Yggdrasill must be the macrocosm of the erect phallus and all it stands for, not only as regards the fulfilment of the individual but also as regards the procreation and continuance of the human race.

Professor Walter Otto in his *Homeric Gods* applauds "the marvellous delineators of the divine in the figures of Zeus, Apollo, Athene, Artemis, Dionysus, Aphrodite, humanity's greatest religious ideas" and goes on to castigate the "officious judgment of zealots and pedants who charge Homeric myth with immorality and primitive crudeness because the gods sometimes are partial and at odds and sometimes indulge in conduct that is outlawed in bourgeois ethics." Very well, call me a bourgeois; but they *were* a greedy, revengeful, sly, quarrelsome, lecherous, cowardly and cruel gang. Most serious-minded men in Classical Greece turned their backs on the Olympians, except as the official deities, and resorted either to philosophy or Orphism, or to the noble mystery religions in which Demeter and Persephone—"who had virtually no standing in the Homeric world"—were the principal characters.

Professor Otto equates true religion, Germanically, with the manifestations of the male spirit:

> In the heavenly group of the Homeric religion, on the other hand, the female sex recedes in a manner which cannot be accidental. There the gods who are dominant are not only of the masculine sex, but most decidedly represent the masculine spirit. Though Athena is associated with Zeus and Apollo in the supreme triad, she expressly denies her feminine aspect and makes herself a genius of masculinity. . . . In whatever memorable forms primeval Mother Earth may have represented herself, they are all virtually eclipsed, for none of them is capable of revealing any part of divinity as it was now conceived in a deeper sense.

It will be noticed that Hera is not one of the "marvellous delineations" listed. She appears only twice in the book—once casually as patroness of marriage and once in compliment of her true wifely love for Zeus. Demeter is similarly complimented on giving "unforgettable expression to motherhood." Dionysus gets eight enthusiastic mentions—I suppose in honour of his prophet Nietzsche—though for Homer he was merely a drunken fellow whom Lycurgus very rightly drove out of Thrace and forced to leap into the sea, where Thetis calmed his shaking limbs. Professor Otto should have concentrated his praise on the Scandinavian gods who were, with the exception of Loki, a comparatively decent lot. And equally male-minded: Frigg, Odin's wife, was even forbidden to prophesy—a right that Hera retained to the end, despite being once hung up from heaven by her non-bourgeois husband with anvils tied to her feet.

ROBERT GRAVES

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The Creative Imagination

The Fire and the Fountain. An Essay on Poetry. By JOHN PRESS. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

The Making of a Poem. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Both these books are important contributions to literary criticism and would normally deserve separate and extensive reviews, but since they cover the same ground, and are even interrelated in so far as Mr. Press quotes from some of Mr. Spender's essays (which have appeared previously in magazines like *Horizon* and *Encounter*) they can here be conveniently combined. Mr. Press is a newcomer, but he has a very wide knowledge of English poetry, and writes with mature judgment. In comparison with Mr. Spender, whose opinions are sparks from the anvil of creation. Mr. Press may seem to smoulder rather slowly and smokily. But he covers the ground admirably (a smouldering fire can do that), and there seem to be no tangles of the problem of poetic creation that he does not reach in his wide range.

For evidence he relies mainly on statements made by poets themselves, but he also moves easily among the archetypes and other such psychological concepts, and can on occasion take an apt illustration from the other arts. To an author so completely equipped I can offer only two minor suggestions. In discussing archetypal patterns in poetry he might have paid some tribute to Maud Bodkin, whose pioneer work on the subject he does list in his bibliography; and I think he would have found a good deal of support in a remarkable work on the romantic theory of poetry published (also by the Oxford University Press, but in New York) two years ago: *The Mirror and the Lamp* by M. H. Abrams.

Mr. Press's main emphasis is on "that animal sensibility which I take to be the prime requisite and the distinguishing mark of a poet," and he does not hesitate to use the appropriate word: "It is by virtue of his abundant *sensuality* that a poet's total response to phenomenal experience acquires that power and that intensity from which poetry is likely to spring." The whole argument is summarised in an early paragraph which I must quote:

> I believe that no poem can win . . . recognition from us unless it expresses with complete fidelity the personal vision of the poet. The more piercing, exact, coherent, and complex the vision, the greater the poem, but the essence of the vision is its individuality, its undistorted reflection of the total experience of one man. The presentation of a set of dogmas, held even with complete sincerity, can never be a substitute for this personal experience in which belief and doubt, passion and thought, memory and desire are so closely blended that nobody can distinguish the one from the other. The poem is a whole world of order and beauty, instinct with the morality that grows from the acceptance and the understanding of experience. It is not the expression in rhyme and metre of political and religious formulæ.

But this personal vision cannot be expressed with any compelling power unless every element of expression is felt along the nerves, so that rhyme and metre, image and symbol, and the integral form of the poem itself, have physical properties, are objects sensuously conceived and sensuously apprehended. If there is a fault in Mr. Press's account of the process of poetic creation, it is that he does not sufficiently emphasise the crystalline concreteness and independence of what is thus created. Here Mr. Spender, in a discussion of Goethe's poetry which is the profoundest essay in his book, comes to our aid. The main problem of modern poetry, he says, is "firstly, to found poetry on personal experience, and secondly, to enlarge personal experience until it becomes objective," and it is a brilliant perception of his that "Goethe's search for a realisation of objectivity through subjective experience leads straight into the modern movement in poetry." This is also the theme of the first essay in Mr. Spender's book —"Inside the Cage"—in which he sees the romantic poet as "imprisoned inside his own sensibility as in a cage." To get out of that cage is the specifically modern problem, and it can only be done by putting the creative imagination "back at the centre of life."

"Back at the centre of life" is a vague phrase, and as Mr. Press has said, one does not get there by expressing political and religious formulæ in verse. Since we do not live in an age of "shared values, and a universally recognised style," the poet has to transform his personal experience into something rich and strange, something that by virtue of its sensuous properties is viable, like a precious stone. How that is to be done will always, as Mr. Press says at the end of his long analysis, "defy analysis and remain both a mystery and a source of wonder." But one thing is certain: it is not to be done by merely objective means. That is the classical illusion. The final quality is magical, and comes from "the night-side of the mind"—not in the obvious form of dream-images and revived memories, but in a formative principle which resides in the unconscious.

This was already known to Goethe and to Coleridge (and other Romantic poets) but they thought mainly in terms of images. Modern psychology has given us concepts like the archetype and the "Gestalt" (which is a formal or physical archtype), and we can now appreciate the fact that not only images and symbols, but even the internal rhythm and the integral shape of a poem may also be determined in the uncon-

scious. It is certainly true that the poem is "a reconciliation of complex emotions rather than a celebration of a single feeling" (Press), that it embodies "some universal, positive and loving principle which unites imagination and nature instead of splitting them in two" (Spender). Both these books, each in its different way, bring us nearer to an understanding of the alchemical passion out of which the objective poem emerges.

HERBERT READ

The Muddled Mind of Henry George

Henry George. By CHARLES ALBRO BARKER. *Oxford. 57s. 6d.*

Four Georges had muddled the affairs of Great Britain, said Labouchere in introducing Henry George to a crowded meeting in London in 1884, and now an uncrowned fifth came with sympathy for the poor. In this country, the author of *Progress and Poverty* had quickly gained the influence that he awaited so impatiently at home—and even after reading Professor Barker's long and scholarly biography I still cannot understand why George should have commanded such support or why this complicated and turgid volume should have sold by the hundred thousand. True, his attacks on land monopoly came at the right moment, when Irish land troubles were at their peak, when American opinion was just coming to realise that fortunes were being made by plundering the public domain, and when, in Britain, the great landlord had become fair game for free trade Radicals.

Yet, at the end of 635 pages, I put down this book with the feeling that George became an important figure in social history almost in spite of himself, that the more he was misunderstood or grossly simplified into a symbol, the sharper his impact. His most immediate associates were the kind of cranks that all reform movements catch up on the fringe; he himself was arrogant, ambitious, a perfect example of an auto-didact, rightly summed up by Marx as "a panacea-monger"; and though he was capable of some brilliant analysis, he never seems to have been quite sure what, in practical terms, he wanted to do. Indeed, the single-tax—the one clear slogan of the Georgeite movement—burgeoned almost as an afterthought towards the end of his life. For all that, George and his ideas helped raise the wind that, in America, was to blow up into the squalls of Populism and Progressivism, and in Britain whipped up the Fabians and the I.L.P.

George was an odd character; never a strict party man, he belongs to the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian tradition in American democracy, an agitator who hated poverty, distrusted bigness, yet admired "constructive capitalists" and depended upon rich men for financial support and subsidies for his propaganda. His impact was radical, yet he drew back even from land nationalisation for fear of losing support—and though the Fabians used the theory of rent in much the same way as he did, he was embarrassed to find his writings were making converts to Socialism.

Professor Barker admirably sums up his inconsistencies.

> During the Civil War he was a Republican but at other times a Democrat; between 1886 and 1896 he was, successively, a party bolter, a Cleveland man, and a Bryan man. He was an admirer of Roman Catholicism, and yet an extreme critic of bishops and Pope; indirectly he assisted Socialism, but he fought Socialists and their doctrines; the single-tax doctrine for which he is remembered was supported by lawyers and businessmen, principally, but the interest of working men was Henry George's prime loyalty.

The muddle was understandable because George grew up in muddled times. As a jobbing journalist in California, he witnessed large-scale land frauds; big landlords, speculators and railway promoters were raking in the increment from the booming development of the State. As a printer and a craft-unionist he sympathised with labour and, as a Christian reformer, he believed that reason—which he came close to identifying with his own nostrums—could rally all well-intentioned men behind a philosophy of natural rights. His first campaign for the mayoralty of New York brought him as close to being a labour leader as he ever came, just as his travels in Ireland in 1881 almost showed him the nature of imperialism. But he never could quite grasp what was wrong, for he was obsessed by the land problem, and never could see it as part of a wider social conflict. All his active life, he teetered on the brink of this understanding and, from a hostility to Socialism which Professor Barker fails properly to explain and George himself failed to justify coherently, he never achieved it.

The answer, I suspect, is that California had made its special imprint on his mind; contemporary Socialists, reared in urban conditions, were making the shift from agrarian to industrial democracy, but George came to maturity with his theories just too early and just too far away to share this change of emphasis. He belonged, as his striking anticipation of Turner's frontier hypothesis shows, to the end of the pioneer period, to the moment of transition rather than to the age of industrial capitalism. Precisely because he was the man of that moment, he proved to be a comet rather than a new fixed star for the society that was developing: his movement petered out in tax reform, ballot changes and economic quackery. I am sorry that Professor Barker did not choose to analyse George's role in this way, even at the expense of some of the painstaking detail of this biography. Yet it must surely serve as the final academic memorial to George, whose ideas flickered briefly in the development charge imposed by the Labour Government's Town and Country Planning Act of 1947, and with the extinction of that charge, went out and into history.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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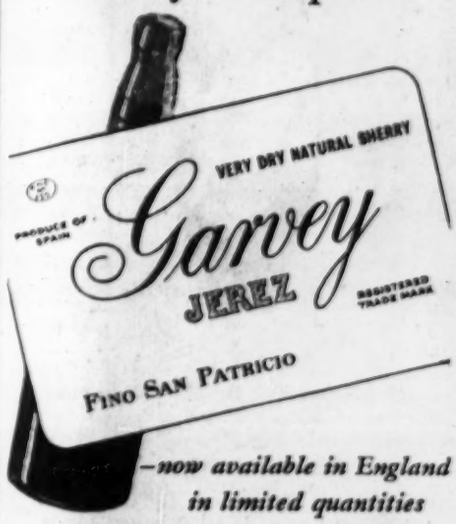

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Masaryk on Russia

The Spirit of Russia. By T. G. MASARYK. With additional matter by JAN SLAVIK. *Allen & Unwin.* 2 vols. 60*s.*

Some kings have tried to be philosophers. Masaryk is the only philosopher to become a king, though President-Liberator was an even nobler title. His transcendent personality dominated this, his greatest book. There is a serenity of judgment, an Olympian confidence, shining through the most difficult or obscure passages. Masaryk wrote this book when he was still a humble professor—he achieved political eminence only when he had passed the age of academic retirement. The English translation was first published in 1919, and is now reproduced unchanged. The new material does not add much of value. The historical sketch of the Bolshevik revolution has been superseded by later accounts; and the bibliography, too, is largely out of date. It is also tiresome that the original translators, Eden and Cedar Paul, put Russian names into a Czech orthography which has never been accepted in this country. Who, for instance, would recognise Trockii in this odd form? To change over to modern usage would have meant resetting the whole text; and we must be grateful for a new edition of this wonderful book even with these small disadvantages.

The reader who (in the words of the dust cover) "wants to know how some of the puzzling world in which he lives came to be" is likely to be disappointed. This is a book about old Russia, the Russia which ceased to exist in the turmoil of the civil wars—or which at any rate was driven underground. Nor will the reader get a clear picture of Russian history unless he knows a good deal already. Masaryk was after something else. He wanted to trace the main currents of Russian thought, to build up the spirit of Russia from an accumulation of detail. There is no nonsense here about Russia being alien to Europe, still less about Russian backwardness or barbarity. In Masaryk's words: "Russia does not differ essentially from Europe; but Russia is not yet essentially one with Europe." It is not the difference from Europe, but the fact of being different and similar at the same time which made Russia unique—the most attractive and most tantalising of subjects. Though old Russia was a political autocracy, she teemed with thinkers. Their problems and their solutions were the most interesting in Europe. Hegel, Comte, Mill, seem trivial in comparison; and even if contemporary Russia has forgotten its intellectual past, the civilised world cannot afford to do so. Masaryk was the only man who mastered every aspect of the subject; and his book remains indispensable to everyone who is interested in the highest products of the human mind.

This is not to say that Masaryk wrote an easy book, still less an entertaining one. He says that Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* has "a racy style." Since it happens to be one of the most unreadable books ever written, one's imagination boggles at what the other books discussed by Masaryk must be like. His own style can be called "racy" only by the same standard. His sentences are long, his vocabulary clumsy, and he often communes with himself about ultimate problems, forgetting both the reader and the Russians. Indeed, much of the book is concerned more with Masaryk's own outlook on life than with Russia, though it is none the worse for that. He sums up his book: "Russian Orthodoxy is being replaced by (German) Protestantism"; or, to put it in different terms, there is a struggle "of the critical understanding with myth, the struggle between critical and scientific thought on the one hand and mythology on the other." Medieval Russia was plunged suddenly into the rational atmosphere of the nineteenth century. The Russian thinkers of the time made an incomparable contribution to this struggle. Who can doubt that sooner or later the Russians will return to this basic problem of thinking men or that they will bring in a verdict on the side of reason?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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New Novels

That Uncertain Feeling. By KINGSLEY AMIS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Cruiser. By WARREN TUTE. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

The Escape of Socrates. By ROBERT PICK. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

There are two classes of novel which have for some time divided between them the commendation of the literary reviewers—the sensitive and the posh. But Mr. Kingsley Amis has made his impact by loudly belonging to neither. He is brashly, vulgarly, aggressively un-sensitive, and the world his characters inhabit is the world that has succeeded the posh. It is the world of the Welfare State in all its crudity, and Mr. Amis is its literary Teddy boy. This is a world far too common for the sensitive to survive in, and it is one from which the posh beat a hasty retreat to those square Georgian houses behind those creepered walls. Of course, it is bound to catch up with them in time. Mr. Powell's upper-class thrusters will soon be in the post office queue ("Position Closed") to draw their children's allowances: Miss Bowen's complicated heroines will be getting their treatment or their sleeping tablets "on the health": and Mr. Waugh's Officers and Gentlemen will, before they are much older, be feeding in canteens or cafeterias, where they will have to learn the new lore of the menu (*Garden* peas, for instance=tinned peas; *Fresh* peas=frozen peas; and there is no equivalent for what used to be fresh garden peas, presumably because it is no longer economic to shuck peas by hand.) But meanwhile the horror is postponed for their creatures; they set their novels in the privileged pre-war.

Mr. Amis sets his in the utterly unprivileged present. *That Uncertain Feeling* opens with a brilliantly funny scene in a Welsh provincial Public Library. The narrator, John Lewis, is an assistant there, a young man with all the nastiness of the petty official, rubbing the noses of the public in the dirt of his little authority. In the course of his duties he meets Mrs. Gruffydd-Williams, "one of the biggest Aberdarcy names, and hearing it pronounced by one who owned it made me feel less confident. But since it was clearly my political duty to be unimpressed, I just nodded my head a little bit." Mrs. Gruffydd-Williams involves him in a double intrigue, primarily with herself, secondarily with the business of securing for him the sub-librarianship, for which he is on the short list. It ought to be easy: her husband is on the Library Committee, chairman actually.

Thus Mr. Amis brings into contrast the old world and the new, to the advantage of neither. The new world is sitters-in, and nappies and half-washed tea-cups, and multiple stores and mass-producing tailors, and "frying tonight" and interiors like this, the hero's own:

> I sat down on one of the ripped and peeling leather armchairs by the empty fireplace. . . . My eyes moved over the sort of matchwood shrine painted black which discharged some of the less important functions of a sideboard, with its tiny square shelves, tinier inch-deep drawers with what looked like old-fashioned pendant earrings attached in the middle, and mirror mounted on bamboo scaffoldings . . . the unlicensed, crackle-ridden wireless; surmounted by a cereal bowl full of nasturtiums stolen from the front garden; the tall, box-like couch, said to turn into a bed when the proper forces were applied, and stained with the activities of children.

This new world is painted with a mixture two parts disgust and three parts farcical comedy; there are hilarious scenes at a highbrow verse-play, at a palais-de-danse, at the Librarian Committee interview: there is a wild transvestist escape from the Gruffydd-Williams mansion. Mr. Amis is not afraid of farce and horseplay; there is nothing subtle or civilised about him. The posh will be horrified by the lack of refinement with which he writes (and indeed he would profit immeasurably by a stricter editing), but he has gusto and force, and rushes one through his series of comic situations at a lewd and rollicking pace. One holds one's nose occasionally, not always when he means one to. He has little or no feeling for character, but he has a sharp eye for people's manners (especially their bad manners) and an ear for the characteristic contemporary dialogue. Only the end seems to me to be unconvincing. He hasn't prepared us for the scrupulosity in his odious hero which refuses to be the beneficiary of a "fiddle." The figure he so successfully imposed on us in the first twenty pages would have found a way of squaring his under-exercised conscience. Mr. Amis is a satirist, often a savage one. The world his characters inhabit is smelly and mean; its values are non-existent. It has been told to think itself the equal of the posh world; and it would like to, but can't. It either feebly apes it or it masks a nagging envy under a veneer of rudery and destructiveness. The Teddy-boy mentality, in short, of which Mr. Amis has an uncanny understanding.

With our other two novels we make a return to the conventional. *The Cruiser,* out of C. S. Forester by Mr. Warren Tute, is a solidly constructed two-dimensional documentary which tells the story of a cruiser from the day when the Navy takes her over from the contractors in 1938 to the day when she is sunk in the war. Mr. Tute manages to combine a whole world of technical information with a conversation piece of the crew, painted very much from the wardroom angle. He personalises his men enough to give them a verisimilitude without spoiling it by inventing a story for them. But he has enough of the narrative knack to carry us on effortlessly from page to page, and if he had only stopped at the outbreak of war, his novel might rate higher than it will. For we live with a vivid actuality the life of Service routine in the peacetime Navy.

From the outbreak of war, though, he has to meet more serious competition, and *The Cruiser* does not compare favourably with, say, *The Cruel Sea*, in its operation or battle scenes. What Mr. Tute understands and cares for is the undiluted regular Navy and its narrow but firm loyalties; he is persuasive in putting them over to us, and cunning in keeping our interest.

The Escape of Socrates is another attempt to bring the ancient world alive by turning it into a novel. One cannot avoid the comparison with Marguerite Yourcenar's *Memoirs of Hadrian*, and the comparison is frankly disastrous to Mr. Pick. He knows his subject well enough, of course. He has at his finger-tips the mechanics of the life of the times. He can marshal the Court for a State Trial and detail for us the actual procedings, and, if the mechanics were all, he might be said to have re-created the period. But for anything approaching the spirit of the age, he seems to me miles away. He is bent on reassuring us that these people were living people just like us, and if one thing is certain about them it is just that they weren't. His most disastrous device is the invented interior monologue. Can we really accept a Xanthippe who addresses herself like this?

> How *do* I manage to get him his meals, on top of scraping up the little ones' food out of what he brings home every other day from the square? I am a resourceful housewife! He must have known that.

The quotation is perhaps a little unfair, for *The Escape of Socrates* is not mainly on that level; it is not a Mrs. Dale's diary of Athens; it does make the classical past more alive than our schoolmasters succeeded in doing. But it proceeds on the false assumption that their lives and ours had much in common if you care to think of it. Whereas the art, surely, of this kind of re-creation is to penetrate the strangeness of an alien world and a distant climate by an effort of imaginative insight as vivid as Mlle Yourcenar's or Miss Naomi Mitchison's in her early novels about Ancient Greece.

RICHARD LISTER

Trim Career

The Life and Work of James Gibbs (1682-1754). By BRYAN LITTLE. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

How clement time has been to Gibbs! All his main works stand. His two London churches shaved through the blitz with a few cuts and bruises; his Derby church has been made a cathedral; his public buildings, cherished by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, look as splendid now as the day they were built; and if some of his country houses have gone, they are survived by quite as many as we need of that duller section of his huge output. Gibbs, in short, can be studied in the round and there is no reason whatever why he should be underrated. He is not. Everybody loves St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the Radcliffe is generally thought the best classical building in Oxford and, with less justice, the Senate House the best in Cambridge. Gibbs is constantly in the public eye and he has never for very long been out of public favour.

The reason is the very simple one that he is the most purely felicitous of our early eighteenth-century architects. Where Hawksmore is angular and tragic, and Kent fiddlesome and pedantic, Gibbs provides the eupeptic mean of accomplishment and happy variety. He never thumps his keystones, booms his rustications, tries us with theatric allusions to the antique or attempts to push more notions into a building than it will hold. He is the one man after Wren who perfectly understood silhouette: his St. Martin's steeple runs up into the sky with Handelian energy and (what is so rare and wonderful) stays there, unassailably excellent, for as long as you care to watch it. Gibbs is the architect for the man who is happy with happy buildings and does not bother much about the others. He is Everyman's architect.

Behind the buildings, what of Gibbs the man? Mr. Bryan Little is the first to have taken this question seriously and has produced a work which all future writers on Gibbs will have to take note of—especially in regard to the beginning and the end of the architect's career. We have always seen Gibbs as the odd-man-out in the English architectural story. A shade too young to be of the Vanbrugh group, a shade too old to be a true Burlingtonian, he was, besides, a Scotsman with a Jacobite patron and a long Italian training. To this, Mr. Little now adds the striking fact that his original object in visiting Rome was not architecture but the priesthood and a missionary training at the Scots College. Furthermore, when Gibbs made his will he included a cryptic bequest which now turns out to have been for the saying of masses for his own soul. So this pleasant, gregarious, fat bachelor, this industrious and fabulously successful architect had all the time a little Roman conscience knocking at his door. It may be that if there is one thing neater and more deceptively harmonious than the rhythmic arrangement of the Radcliffe Camera it is the trimming of its architect's own career.

Mr. Little's biography is carefully and affectionately done. Inevitably, the middle chapters resolve themselves now and then into recitals of executed works with notes on the patrons concerned—a busy architect's busiest years rarely make good biographical copy. But crisp writing and an awareness that variations in patronage are, at this period and in this case, of rather special interest, see us through without a dull page. On the strictly art-historical side there is probably a good deal more worth doing than Mr. Little has attempted—as, for example, in the crucial case of St. Mary-le-Strand. It really is a very odd design, involving Raphael certainly, Borromini perhaps, Wren and—very prominently (as Dr. Arnold Noach was the first to notice)—Andrea Pozzo. Mr. Little pins too much on Cortona and seems to have overlooked a plan by William Dickinson which shows that a semi-circular west porch was envisaged before Gibbs ever arrived on the scene. Gibbs' easy power of synthesis is nowhere more acutely demonstrated than in this little church. But it was his great asset all the time. Nobody else moved so unanxiously between the Baroque and the Palladian, combining with so nice a judgment the felicities of both.

JOHN SUMMERSON

Shorter Reviews

The Death of the Artist. A Study of Hawthorne's Disintegration. By RUDOLPH VON ABELE. *Martinus Nijhoff; Batsford.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

In this brief study of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr. Abele takes for his text J. B. Yeats's dictum that "A work of art is the social act of a solitary man." In his view, Hawthorne's art is successful only in *The Scarlet Letter* and in one or two short stories (including "Young Goodman Brown"). Otherwise, Hawthorne failed—clumsily, pathetically, even crassly—because he was unable, in his life and hence in his work, to reconcile the ideal and the real, the symbol and the event it should dignify, the apartness necessary to the artist and the gregarious demands of a democratic order.

Mr. Abele's thesis, though it now and then shows a New-Critical glint of severity, is attractively and plausibly presented. Some other recent critics, while recognising the faults in Hawthorne, have accorded him a high place in the canon, as a forerunner of Henry James, a foil to the weakly optimistic Transcendentalists, and so on. We need not altogether reject their estimate. But Mr. Abele (whose book, by the way, was apparently written in 1951) supplies a useful corrective. For in a way, the evasive ambiguities and the tiresome anti-intellectualism that mar Hawthorne's work also add to his interest; the problems that confronted him are after all common to most artists, although some have come nearer to solving them.

A Prospect of the Sea. By DYLAN THOMAS. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This latest collection of Thomas's prose, edited by Mr. Daniel Jones, was gathered together by the poet before his death to represent the stories and articles he wished to preserve in addition to *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog*. There are fifteen pieces in all, some of which were previously collected in *The Map of Love*. The book falls into two unequal halves: work written between 1934 and 1938 and that written between 1947 and 1953. They illustrate most interestingly the contrast between the young Dylan Thomas and the man he was to become. The early stories represent what Thomas himself called "the up-Rimbaud-and-At-'Em approach"; they are "*gauche* and verbal ecstasies" of adolescence and its attitudes surrealistically rendered. But the youth grew into a man quite different from anything that could have been predicted from his early work: into a humorist. The material of his prose remained

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the experiences of his boyhood, but now they were seen as comic. So far as his prose is concerned, the comic Thomas survives much better than the surrealist, for the surrealist stories are in competition with his poems and are beaten by them.

This collection is at its best, then, when it approaches the method and manner of his radio-scripts. Two stories, "The Followers" and "A Story," are splendidly funny, and "How to be a Poet," though uneven, has phrases and sentences as comic as any he wrote, such as the description of the Civil Service poet with "the look of all Sussex in his stingo'd eyes." This was the poet who wrote the quintessential Georgian lyric. It must be quote in full:

> The roaring street is hushed!
> Hushed, do I say?
> The wing of a bird has brushed
> Time's cobwebs away.
> Still, still as death, the air
> Over the grey stones!
> And over the grey thoroughfare
> I hear—sweet tones!
> A blackbird open its bill,
> —A blackbird, aye!—
> And sing its liquid fill
> From the London sky.

Police Drugs. By Jean Rolin. Trans. Laurence J. Bendit. *Hollis & Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a rather frightening examination of what M. Rolin calls the slippery slope between forensic medicine and physical torture. "We live in a barbarous age," he writes, "a time when there is a weakening of the respect man should have for man, and scientific techniques are used in order to degrade others." His book, movingly eloquent and most ably translated, is a testament of passionate opposition to what has already become known among the "truth experts" as medico-legal narco-analysis. He was moved to write it by the case of Henri Cens, a French soldier who joined the North African Police after the capitulation of France, and who after the war was arrested and imprisoned by the Military Court of Algiers on a charge of collaborating with the enemy against the Resistance. A bullet wound in the head in 1943 had reduced this man to a chronic condition of hemiplegia, aphasia, and epilepsy; but he was kept in prison for four years and at last injected with pentothal (one of the barbiturates which is said to clarify memory and the power of description while suspending the operation of the cortex). This was done at the order of the Court, by way of determining, through narco-analysis, whether or not Henri Cens was malingering. His "confession" consisted of the one word "*Oui*"; and it appears that his case is still not finally disposed of, though he is still in prison and seriously ill.

The case has probably killed the use of any so-called "truth serum" in future French trials of all kinds, while British jurisprudence shows no tendency whatever to encourage medical assault in any form—recognising the "right to lie" despite its expectation from witnesses of the "impossible promise to speak the *whole* truth." But the new cult of the "truth-drug" in other countries, says M. Rolin, has "reintroduced the relentless pursuit of confession," in a form even more dangerous than the medieval use of sadistic torture. The older magistrates decently disguised what they did by calling it questioning: equally serious experts today call it diagnosis. The title of this sincere and timely book carries an implication which, at present, is startlingly un-English.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,330

Set by Lorry Tuck

Readers of the *Satyricon* will remember the fabulous banquet given by Trimalchio. The usual prizes are offered for an eye-witness description of an equally ostentatious evening spent with a contemporary tycoon. Limit, 150 words. Entries by August 30.

Result of No. 1,327

Set by Brian Hill

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to translate this lyric of Victor Hugo's.

> La tombe dit à la rose:
> "Des pleurs dont l'aube t'arrose
> Que fais-tu, fleur des amours?"
> La rose dit à la tombe:
> "Que fais-tu de ce qui tombe
> Dans ton gouffre ouvert toujours?"
>
> La rose dit: "Tombeau sombre,
> De ces pleurs je fais dans l'ombre
> Un parfum d'ambre et de miel."
> La tombe dit: "Fleur plaintive,
> De chaque âme qui m'arrive
> Je fais un ange du ciel."

Report

"Verse-literality," wrote Anna Seward in 1788 to the young Henry Cary, who was later to translate Dante, "draws off all the spirit of the author"; and she summoned as witnesses on her behalf Dryden and Pope, who, she claimed, were never wholly faithful to the original poems they chose to translate. Most people would agree with the Swan of Lichfield, yet, in the present case, Derek Maggs goes too far, I think. There is more of him than Victor Hugo in these attractive verses:

> The grave, knowing its power,
> Taunted the rose, the lovers' flower,
> That wept beside it. "How," it said,
> "You waste the jewelled tears of dawn!"
> The rose replied: "Your empty yawn
> Attracts none but the dead—
>
> And from them you distil
> No scent like mine when dewdrops fill
> My bloom's dark eye." The grave scoffed;
> "Weep
> You may! I give my guest the prize
> Of immortality; he lies
> Too deep for perfumed sleep."

Those entries—and they were many—which kept closer to the original presented a difficult choice, for few stood out unmistakably. I lingered over good translations by G. J. Blundell, J. B. S., Ivor Waters, M. W. Allen and Geoffrey Nicholson; and I liked the youthful joint effort of Laura H. Kaufman and Suzannah Egli. Shirley Barraclough's version was the most amusing of those in the modern idiom:—

> "Ah! my cynical flower," said the grave (with a yawn),
> "From every single one that comes along dead
> I just make one of those simply heavenly angels"

An equal determination to shun "poetic" diction was shown by M. B. Shaw's—

> . . . Secret scent as brave
> As any by that Chanel crowd.

Eventually I was left with a handful of entries from which to choose the prizewinners. I feel that A. M. Sayers deserves two guineas for a translation which reproduces the rhyming scheme of Hugo's lyric and also echoes its simplicity. Terence Watson gets a similar award. A guinea goes to Little Billee, although his "secret room" is perilously near bathos; and consolation prizes of half-a-guinea each fall to Willy Tadpole for his Pre-Raphaelite version and to Stanley J. Sharpless. The runners up are Frederick Fuller and Cynthia Janus.

> Asked the tomb of the rose,
> "What make you of those
> Sprinkled dews of the dawn?"
> Asked the rose of the tomb,
> "Tell the fate of those whom
> You have darkly withdrawn."

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Said the rose to the tomb,
" I distil a perfume
Tinct with honey and spice."
Said the tomb: " Tender flower,
Every soul through my power
May achieve paradise."

A. M. SAYERS

" Flower of love," said grave to rose,
" What can be the use of those
Dawn-spilled tears your petals draw? "
" Tell me, then—," said rose to grave,
" What of that which seeks the cave
Of your ever-greedy maw? "

Said the rose, " O dismal tomb,
Tears of dawn make rich perfume—
Secret, honeyed, amber-rare."
Said the grave, " Most mournful flower,
Souls that fall within my power
Pass, as angels, to clear air."

TERENCE WATSON

Of all those tears, cried tomb to rose,
That on your breast the dawn bestows,
What do you make, flower of all lovers?

What do you make, cried rose to tomb,
Of all that falls within the gloom
Your ever-gaping gulf discovers?

Rose replied, O sombre tomb,
Of those tears, in my secret room,
I brew my scent of honey-spice.

Tomb replied, O tender rose,
Of each soul to my care that goes
I make an angel of Paradise.

LITTLE BILLEE

Now Grave to Rose complaineth,
" With tears the dawn down raineth
What dost thou, Love's own bloom? "
And Rose to Grave replieth,
" What dost thou when down lieth
Love's self in thy dark tomb? "

Saith Rose, " These tears down spilling,
With honeyed breath distilling
To odours I do bring."
Saith Grave " O blossom grieving,
Each soul of Earth's bereaving
I fledge with angel's wing."

WILLY TADPOLE

Said the tomb: " Lovers' rose,
What dost thou with those
Early dawn-sprinkled tears? "
" And what," the rose said,
" Dost thou with the dead
Thy dark world enspheres? "

Said the rose: " Gloomy grave,
Dawn's tears I save
To make perfumes fine."
" And I, wistful bloom,
Change each soul in the tomb
To a being divine."

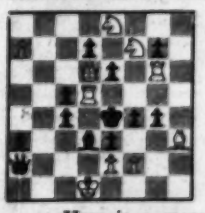
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The Chess Board

No. 307 Cure for Claustrophobia

Perhaps I am being uncharitable in failing to give due warning to claustrophobes, perhaps they ought to stop reading here and now. But since it seems a healthy principle to exorcise the devil by his own devilish means and to immunise patients by the very poison to which they are allergic, it may do no harm to pursue position No. 1 to its ghastly end (bearing in mind that no Black P is to be captured in the process). (1) Kt (5)-B6 ch, P x Kt., (2) P x B ch, P x P, (3) R-R4 ch, B-K5, (4) R(4) x B ch, P x R, (5) B-K5 ch, P x B, (6) R x R ch, Kt-Q4 ch, (7) R x Kt ch, P x R, (8) Kt-B6. A clean mate in 8, composed by T. M. Brown, but by no means the only such problem. There must be a good many, and I am indebted to W. Roscher (in *Schach*) for the interesting information that Kieseritzky—yes, the one with the gambit—was particularly addicted to that type of problem. No. 2 was composed by him in 1842, but much improved a few years later by C. F. v Jänisch. It is a mate in 10, but let's see. (1) P-B3 ch, P x P,

(2) P x B ch, P x P, (3) B-B5 ch, P x B, (4) R-K6 ch, P x R, (5) Kt-B6 ch P x Kt, (6) R-Q4 ch, P x R, (7) P=B ch, Q-Q4, (8) B x Q ch, P x B, (9) Q-K5 ch, P x Q, (10) Kt-Kt5 mate. It seems familiar, doesn't it? The predilection of chess players for any form of "smothered mate" is almost as old as the game, and in its simplest and most familiar form—Q and Kt v. cornered K and R—it has been known many centuries



ago. Here is a more recent study, composed by V. F. Köhnlein in 1914, a particularly amusing one, in as much as, after (1) Kt-Kt5 ch, we can " smother " the Black K either on the portside or on starboard. If (1) . . . K-Kt1, (2) Q-Q6 ch leads to the obvious conclusion. After (1) . . . K-Q1 it takes a little longer. (2) Q-Q6 ch, K-K1, (3) Q x KP ch, K-B2, (4) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Kt1, (5) Q-K6 ch, K-R1, (6) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1, (7) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1, (8) Q-Kt8 ch, R x Q, (9) Kt-B7 mate.

A: Damiano 1512

To make the 4-pointer a stunning bargain even for the merest tyro, all I have to say is that this 2-mover is very much in the key of this week's theme song. So indeed is B which, with this useful little hint, should be not too difficult for 6 ladder-points. It is a sui-mate in 5, meaning that White must force Black to mate him in 5 moves. C—White to win—is somehow different, but quite a beauty and not too difficult, I hope, for 7 points.

B: D. Ponziani 1769

C: L. Prokes 1946

Usual prizes. Entries by August 29.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 304. Set July 30

A: (1) Kt-QB3, P-QKt4, (2) KtxP, Kt-KB3, (3) KtxRP, Kt-K5, (4) KtxB, Kt-QB6, (5) KtxKP, P-QB3, (6) KtxP, Kt-Kt8, (7) KtxKt, R-R6, (8) KtxP, P-Kt4, (9) KtxB, Q-Q3, (10) KtxP, K-Q2, (11) KtxP, KR-R5, (12) KtxP, R-QB5, (13) KtxQ, K-B3, (14) KtxR, K-Kt4, (15) KtxR, K-R5, (16) KtxKt.

B: (1) Kt-R5, P-B4, (2) Kt-Kt3, P-B5, (3) KtxR, P-B6, (4) Kt-Kt3, P—Q, (5) KtxQ, B-R7, (6) KtxP mate.

C: (1) P-K4, P-K4, (2) K-K2, K-K2, (3) K-K3, K-K3, (4) Q-B3; Q-B3, (5) Kt-K2, Kt-K2, (6) P-QKt3, P-QKt3, (7) B-R3, B-R3, (8) Kt-Q4 ch, PxKt mate.

D: (1) K-R4, P-R4, (2) R-Kt2 ch, K-B8, (3) R-R8, K-K8, (4) Q-R1 ch, K-Q7, (5) Q-QR1, K-B7, (6) R-KKt1, K-Q7, (7) R-K1, K-B7, (8) R-QR8, K-Q7, (9) RxP, K-B7, (10) R-QKt1, K-Q7, (11) Q-R2 ch, KxP, (12) R(1)-Kt1, PxR ch, (13) KxP, B-B3 mate.

E: (1) PxR (Q), P queens ch, (2) K-Kt2!, Q-Q7 ch, (3) K-B3, Q-Q6 ch, (4) K-B4, Q-B8 ch, (5) K-Kt4, Q-Kt7 ch, (6) K-B5, Q-B6 ch, (7) K-K6, Q-Q4 ch, (8) K-B6, Q-Q5 ch, (9) K-B7!, QxQ, (10) B-Q8!!, K-Q4, (11) P queens ch, KxQ, (12) B-B6 etc., if (2) K-R2(B2) Black can draw.

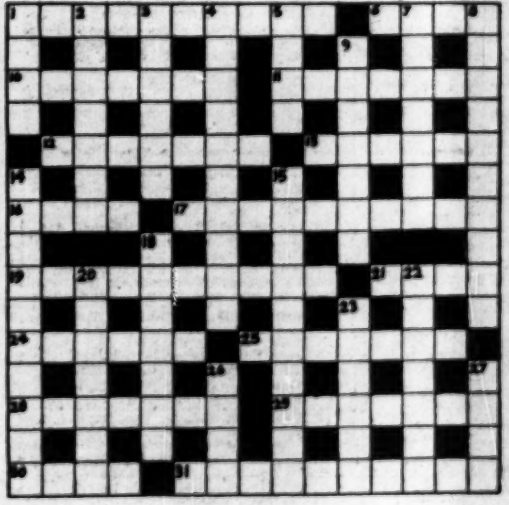
F: (1) RxP!, PxR, (2) P-Kt6, QxKt, (3) K-B5!!, K-K1, (4) P-B7 ch, QxP, (5) PxQ ch, KxP, (6) K-Q6! etc. if (3) . . . P-Q3 ch, (4) K-Q4! etc. If (1) . . . Q-K1, (2) Kt-R6, Q-QR1, (3) P-Kt6, Q-R2 ch, (4) K-K4, P-Q4 ch, (5) K-B3 etc.

Many points gathered, but quite a few dropped over one or two of the more difficult items. Prizes shared by R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 166

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 166, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 30.



ACROSS

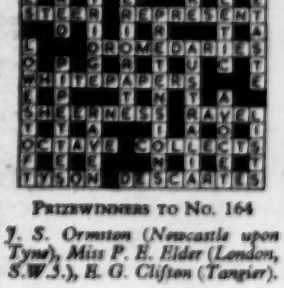
1. Be retailed in a complicated way after careful consideration (10).
6. Crackers or what need them (4).
10. After money the revolutionary took a chance (7).
11. Archaeologist first discovers what the potter uses (7).
12. The greatest team is flanked by mothers (7).
13. The spanner is a feat of engineering (6).
16. Help a slave (4).
17. A bond of relationship? (10).
19. The pioneer is to give her encouragement about the discovery (10).
21. Soon the priest has his head cut off (4).
24. Return rôle as governor (6).
25. Bird a little too big for mixed choirs (7).
28. Mere beginner, but he has a mature make-up (7).
29. Cornered, but not rounded up (7).
30. Car emporium in reverse (4).
31. To obstruct offers they mix drinks (10).

DOWN

1. " I will wear my heart upon my sleeve For——to peck at " (*Othello*) (4).
2. Convict and pull up one who goes slowly (7).
3. Prevent nearly all sign of affection though he was willing to marry (6).
4. It grows on a bush and makes the communist tirade about a mean dog (10).
5. The hard worker comes up and moves the boat (4).
7. Without a cargo, but the port is there in the end (7).
8. Mineral lake (10).
9. In the best variety a top comedian shows up (7).
14. Half the rebels in a heraldic position for the writer (10).
15. Beneath the arrow there is an arms manufacturer (10).
18. Obliterated although finally won a point easily (7).
20. Letter singer (7).
22. Part of an aircraft with a small cavity inside it (7).
23. Interrupted by a jape teacher is a fierce creature (6).
26. " The damp souls of housemaids Sprouting despondently at——gates " (Eliot) (4).
27. Cockney damages the weapons (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 164



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 164

J. S. Ormston (Newcastle upon Tyne), Miss P. E. Elder (London, S.W.5.), E. G. Clifton (Tangier).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires four Producers for School Television programme. Duties involve planning and production of programmes in experimental Television Service for schools and demand imaginative and inventive use of visual materials and ability to master techniques of Television production, including preparation of studio plans and camera scripts and control of gallery. Strong sense of educational possibilities of the medium with either first hand knowledge of films or Television or varied teaching experience essential. Science degree essential for one post and interest in current events for another. Successful candidates will be required to undertake preliminary training with Television Service and/or School Broadcasting Department (Sound). Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,600 p.a. max. Requests for application forms and information on superannuation of teachers serving the B.B.C. (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "1161, N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant Head of School Broadcasting (Television) to be responsible under Head of Educational Broadcasting for planning and supervision of an experimental Television Service for schools. Substantial educational experience, administrative capacity and an imaginative grasp of educational possibilities of the medium are essential. Interest in and knowledge of science and/or current affairs desirable since programmes are likely to be mainly in these fields at the start. Successful candidate will be required to undertake preliminary training with Television Service and/or School Broadcasting Department (Sound). Salary £1,525 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,955 p.a. max. For candidate of exceptional qualifications and experience consideration given to appointment at higher grade. Requests for application forms and information on superannuation of teachers serving the B.B.C. (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "1160, N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Film Recordists for Television News and Newsreel, New Division. Candidates should be experienced in the operation of the recording component of combined sound and picture cameras (35mm and 16mm) and/or of mobile recording units, and should be able to undertake running maintenance of recording gear in their charge. Knowledge of camera operation and ability to drive a car advantages. Candidates must be medically fit and ready to fly and to cover assignments at home or abroad at short notice. Salary £855 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,115 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "1159, N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Reporters for News Division in London with wide general knowledge current affairs, good news sense, journalistic experience and ability to write accurate concise reports for bulletins and to broadcast own reports in News Talks programmes and Television News. Staff experience (newspaper or B.B.C.) as Reporter additional qualifications. Preferred age 25-45. Must be prepared for temporary assignments abroad at short notice. Vacancies exist at two grades with starting salaries £1,220 and £975 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,600 and £1,280 p.a. max. Higher starting salaries possible for those with exceptional qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 1155, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited, Education Department invites applications for appointments as Sectional Education Officer in each of the North-Eastern, South-Western and Western Sections which have their headquarters in Leeds, Exeter and Cardiff respectively. The Sectional Education Officer will be required to represent the Education Department in each Section and to be responsible for the development of provisions of co-operative education, including the Co-operative Youth Movement and adult and technical education. Salary in the scale £539×£25 to £697, the commencing salary being fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire, to whom applications should be returned not later than September 10, 1955.

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. All applicants for temporary or permanent secretarial posts, interesting and well paid, will be welcome. WHI. 4359.

OPENING for enterprising representative for artists' agents. Box 9120.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Applications are invited for appointment as Research Assistant to the Professor of Wool Textile Engineering for the study of the history of looms and other weaving mechanisms. The successful applicant will be required to undertake research under the joint direction of the Professors of Economics and Wool Textile Engineering on some aspect of the development of weaving looms and mechanisms to be decided upon. The emoluments will be £350 a year and expenses of travelling, etc., connected with the research will be defrayed by the University. The successful applicant may work for a higher degree of the University. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance, preferably from October, 1955, but is renewable annually. Applications (3 copies), stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of 3 referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than September 1, 1955.

ESSEX. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist for full-time two team clinic at Ilford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours Degree in psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training centre in child guidance work. Soulbury II salary scale. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Educ. Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster. (Regional Mental Hospital.) Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker required to organise and expand the services within the hospital and at the psychiatric out-patient clinics in the area. Preference given to candidates with wide experience of mental hospital work. Salary £495 to £750 p.a. less £153 p.a. if resident. Possession of a car desirable. Applications with details of qualifications, training and experience, together with names of two refs. to be sent to Medical Superintendent.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker required to fill a vacancy in a team of four dealing with the domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, an interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates with recognised Mental Health Certificate. Particulars and applic. form (returnable by August 31) from Medical Officer of Health (PH/DI), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of organiser in Sheffield. The appointment will be full-time and in the first instance for a probationary period of twelve months. Salary scale £500×£25×£650. Application forms (S.A.E.) and further details from J. S. Watson, W.E.A. District Secretary, 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield, 1.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social workers, men and women, for the extension of its intensive casework with Problem Families. Resident and non-resident. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Training provided. Units at present operating in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Bradford, York, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London. Further details: 25 St. Mary's Grove, London N.1.

THE Labour Party invites applications from fully-qualified shorthand-typists for work at Party Headquarters. Good speeds, accuracy and an interest in the Labour Movement essential. Salary on age scale, rising from £270 at 18 to £460 at 24. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, to Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., London, S.W.1, by September 3.

DEPUTY Matron reqd. at Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Oxon, a Special School for maladjusted children. To work as part of treatment team, good pay, adequate free time, highly intg. work. Apply Principal.

BI-LINGUAL Engl./German secretary required for small City office. Good salary, 5-day week. Experience in paper trade an advantage. Box 9075.

CAPABLE, intell. lady, some sh./typing, for responsible, non-routine position with small, rapidly expanding photo firm. To run agency/studio/office. PAD. 1192/3.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford Street. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

BOOK-KEEPER (fem.), part-time, reqd. Hours 9-1, 5-day week. £3 10s.-£4. International Friendship League. KEN. 6008.

EDUCATED Women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £900. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus. Telephone VIC. 5084 and LON. 5397.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WAVERTREE Community Association, Penny Lane, Liverpool, require Resident Warden. Commencing salary £400 p.a. Unfurn. accom. Applic. forms from Hon. Sec. on receipts of s.a.e. Closing date August 27.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

JUN. girl wntd. No exp. nec. £3 10s. Internat. Friendship League. KEN 6008.

TYPIST wanted for part-time work, evenings. S/hand unnecessary. Box 9181.

RESIDENT Domestic Help Dr.'s hsehld. Highgate. Gd. condns. No ckng. Foreign/Coloured worker cons. ARC 1839. Box 9184.

NANNY/Help, Domesticated. Baby girl 2 months & children School age. Congenial comfortable home. Own room. Daily kept. Write, stating age, experience, salary, to Mrs. Massil, 51 Bancroft Avenue, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY S/T., equally conversant English/German, knowledge French, sks. interesting & permanent post. Box 9172.

AUTHOR-Editor, wide experience of little magazines (sci. & lit.) and some flair for converting impossible MSS, seeks change to editorship of journal with a purpose. Interest more important than remun. Box 8948.

INTELLIGENT boy, 16, G.C.E. student, seeks interesting post affording scope for initiative and enthusiasm. Willing to learn —reasonable pay. Advertising, tourist bureau, secretarial work—anything to get away from conventional office routine. Good at English; not afraid of work. Any offers? Box 9132.

FOR Asian student—25; perfect Eng., some exp. journalism, actg.; fond lit., music, dancing; particular affinity for any kind work in Club-Theatre-Studio-Press or under Artiste-Writer, but anything else not too little; able type, drive. Tel. Stanli, TER 4440.

WELL-Educated lady, langs., housekpg., sks. post London. Box 9173.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

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DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed, breafst, dinner opt. Moderate.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18 to 30). Single rooms. International. Write to Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Luxury divan-rooms. New contemp. furn., concealed cooker. Use k., b. 57s. & 63s. MOU. 9610.

LARGE furn. single bed-sit., share k., b., one other, nr. Tube, shops, Heath, 3½gns., incl. heat, light, linen, cleaning. HAM. 3706, evgs. from Aug. 22, or Box 8732.

YNG. wom. offd. share qt. house 20 mins. Waterloo. 50s. incl. htng. Box 9186.

QUIET attractive furnished room to let, Stamford Hill. STA. 5085.

ATTRACTIVE single bed-sit., cent. htg., own tel. ext., use bath, kit., garden, in private flat. HAM. 0244.

N.W.5. Graduate 22 (f.) offers share S/C. flat, 2 B/S., K/B. £2 p.w. Box 9183.

MODERN divan-bedsitting room. 4 mins. W. Acton. 7 mins. Ealing C. No prejudices. Use bath, tel., etc. ACOrn 5876.

LGE. room, wash basin, etc., well-furn. Bus-stops oppos., nr. Tube. FIT. 0773.

LARGE room & kit., gas range, geyser; well-furn. and dec. Convenient Tubes, bus-stops opposite. Tel. FIT. 0773.

SINGLE divan-room, comfortable, cooking facils. Tel., constant h.w. 37s. 6d. p.w. Tel. Putney 4148.

TO let, Westminster. Sept. 5-25; small s/c. flat, all convs., 5gns. per week. Box 9168.

4-BERTH caravan to let. Private orchard site nr Henley. Punt avail. CC.N. 2265.

CAN anyone offer young married interior designer s/c. flat or rooms with k. & b. in London area? Box 9162.

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CANADIAN Doctor, wife, child, req. furn. accom. from October 1 for one year, within reach Wickford, Essex. Box 9065.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

UNF. rm. reqd., h. & c. bas., 2 baths wk. Charing X/S.W.1/Chelsea. Box 9088.

WANTED Aug. 27-Sept. 19, furn. bung. or small house, 2/3 bed., mod. san., on river, within 80 mls. Lond. Box 8959.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FLAT furnished for 4, self-contained. 6½gns. weekly, 4th floor. 'Phone WEStern 2211 between 9 & 6 o'clock.

BASEMT. flat, W.14, gdn. 50s. Child., cat, piano poss. Conditions. Box 9134.

BRIGHT, sunny furn. bachelor suite nr. Tottenham Court Rd. Sitting-room, bedroom, bath, C.H.W., own tel. Some valeting & cooked breakfast prov. 6gns. Box 9198.

FULLY-furnished 3-bed. house Welwyn Garden City, 40 mins. London, to let Sept. 1, 1955-June, 1956. £6 6s. weekly. Children welcome. Box 9072.

FURNISHED flat. Two light rooms, kitchen/dining, bath, w.c. Self-contained. Georgian house overlooking Greenwich Park. Train Charing X 14 mins. Box 9157.

WANTED: furn. flat/house, 2/3 bedrms., Oct.-Dec., by writer, reliable tenant. ARNold 5405 before 10 a.m.

WANTED by Eastern doctor & wife, small furn. S/C flat, S.E. London. Box 9090.

SMALL, s/c. furn. flat urgently wanted central London. Box 9078.

LADY sec. reqs. Sept. 3, unfurn./part-furn. or furn. flat/apartment easy distance City. References exchanged. Box 9049.

PROF. cple. req. S/C. furn. flat from end Aug. Putney/Richmond area. Box 8975.

QUIET yg. prof. couple req. furn. flat, Chelmsford. No children. Box 9119.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

MID-CORNISH 28-acre T.T. dairy farm, beautiful sheltered situation. Land well watered, in genuinely good heart, includes 17 acres productive leys, also valuable grazing outrights. Buildings include cowshed for six, dairy, food store, Dutch barn, covered silage pit, pig and calf pens, small deep litter, implement sheds, etc. Period farm cottage, in good repair, 3 bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen/scullery, bathroom with H. & C., & W.C., Rayburn. Price including all ingoings, ample stocks good hay, silage, kale, milking, lighting plant £3,900. 30 acres adjacent, mostly arable, for rent to early applicant. Reason for sale—owner expanding farming scope. Box 9067.

LOVELY situation edge New Forest, Ringwood. Individual character. 3 living-, 5 bedrooms, large attic, usual offices, outbuildings, mains, gas, water, elec., 2 acres well-stocked garden, orchard. £5,250; option other 2 acres & garages. Box 8783.

STRATHFORD, Dunvegan, Skye. For sale by private bargain, attractive stone built Dwelling House consisting of: downstairs, 3 public rooms, kit. and w.c.; upstairs, 4 bedrooms and bathroom, h. & c., Garden, elec. Rental £18. Feuduty £2. For further partics. apply South, Forrest & Mackintosh, Solicitors, 8 Ardross Terrace, Inverness.

CORNWALL, overlooking wooded Fowey river. Compact, solidly built freehold house. Easily run, all mains, excellent repair, most comfortable, 4 bed, 3 recep., lovely kit. Small sheltered garden. In quiet village, not isolated. Salling, fishing. Box 9015.

BUILT only two years ago. Contemporary style single-storey house. Ideal for family. Four small bedrooms, convenient kitchen open to large living-room. Ample storage space. Aga. Accotile floors and glazed doors to garden throughout. All main services. Pleas. productive gdn. ¼ acre. Light well-constructed outbuilding wld make excell. studio. House and garden planned for easy & econ. running and upkeep. Lovely Wilts. cntryside., but not remote. £3,250. Box 9008.

HYTHE, Kent. High St. F'hold. 2 rec., lgs. kit., cloaks; 4 bed., bathrm., loggia, walled gdn. Thoroughly modernised, redec. Ideal fam., teashop. Only £3,250. Box 9136.

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WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

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PERSONAL

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YOUNG barrister with car wishes tour Britain/Continent with mixed party, share exps.; state age, tour prefs. Box 9130.

2 SEATS available 1955 Wyvern going Paris Sept. 2, returning Sept. 12 (journey only), £9 return each. BAL. 2755.

YACHT, Broads, for 4 or 6, week Sept. 17, £18. SPE. 6478.

STUDENT 26 (f.), seeks girl-partner tour Spain or Italy. Aug. 26. Box 9199.

BRASS & String Players wntd. Good amateur Orch. rehearsing Hampstead/Golders Gn. dist. Audition HAM. 8220/6949.

£350 offered anyone lending £300 over 18 months to well-paid but harassed journalist. Willing turn over lease to unf. flat as security. Box 9158.

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FRENCH students in London seek English students for French-English conversation practice. Box 9151.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will. help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Early bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Service, 10, Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

"CREATIVE Writing" Sept. 2-4; "Square & Country Dancing," Sept. 9-11, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. (Checkendon 221).

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PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYING late this year? You can still join one of our parties to Italy, Greece, Austria, Majorca, Spain, South of France. Special suggestions—Sept. 3: explore Italy by private Motor Coach; Sept. 17: Rome, Sorrento and Capri; Oct. 1: Rome and Positano; Sept. 16: Cruising Holiday to Greece and Capri; August 27, Sept. 4 or 24: Costa Brava, Atlantic Coast of Spain or Majorca. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

LATE holidays in Aug. and Sept.—Corsica, Majorca, Sardinia and Costa Brava, ideal for late season sunshine. A 14-day holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise resorts on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 15s. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10s. Write or 'phone Now for five exciting fully illustrated free colour brochures to Dept. NS23, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

COSTA Brava. Villas and Flats to let for September, £18-£40 monthly. Some fortnightly periods available for the last half of month. October half-price. Details: Dr. Cooper, Blanes, Gerona, Spain.

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SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza for Autumn sunshine. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

SEPTEMBER Holidays in Britain. Enjoy an interesting holiday in pleasant company with one of our September parties starting August 27: visit to the Edinburgh Festival or a week's house party holiday on the Sussex Coast; September 3: Isle of Wight; September 10 or 17: Channel Island holiday. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

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THEATRE d'Institut Français, S. Ken., Thurs. August 25, 7.30, Eleanor King, American Dancer & Choreographer. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Mark Lynford, 17 Cavendish Sq., W.1. MUS. 5675. Box Office, night.

"MADAME Butterfly"—last two performances at Royal Festival Hall. New Film Version in Technicolour. Actors from Takarazuka School and Stars, Chorus & Orchestra from Royal Opera House, Rome. Sunday, August 21, at 4.30 & 7.30 p.m.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 21: The Third Man (A). Aug. 22: Passport to Pimlico (U). 25: Whisky Galore (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, in "The Actress" (U). Dir. George Cukor. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 61st Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2s. 6d.

WILLIAM Etty. Exhibition of Paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 10. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Summer Exhibition British & French Artists: closing Aug. 20. From Aug. 30: Young Contemporaries—Selection from the Art Schools of Great Britain.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1955. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes Aug. 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn.. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. "The Painted Caravan." Monotypes by Basil Ivan Rákóczi. Till Aug. 27. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

RUMANIAN Books and Journals. Fascinating display of the latest Art, Music, Technical, Scientific, Educational and Literary works. Collet's Multilingual Bookshop, 67 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Sat., August 20, until Sept. 3. Weekdays: 9.30-5.30; Sats. 9.30-1 p.m. Also wide selection of foreign books, dictionaries, grammars, from Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, E. Germany and Czechoslovakia.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondrian, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Young Midland Artists. Aug. 9-Sept. 10. Daily 10-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. New Sculptors & Painter-Sculptors. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6. Sats. until 1. Adm. free.

FOUR French Realists. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings by André Minaux, Ginette Rapp, Roger Montané, Jean Vinay. Tate Gallery. Till Sept. 4, week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Free.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Some French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

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WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, Naddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., August 27. Miss M. Lawrence: "University life in England—then and now."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Labour Movement—What Next?" A National Conference called by the Daily Worker. Shoreditch Town Hall, Sat., Sept. 17, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. All Trade Union, Labour Party and Co-op Organisations invited send delegates. Details Conference Sec., Daily Worker, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lect., Sun., 8 p.m., Aug. 21: "Mysteries of the Mind."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., Aug. 25, 7.30: "Evolution (Cosmic)." On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

HIGH Leigh, Hoddesden, Herts, week-end Sept. 9-11. Discussions opened by John Stonehouse: Trial and Error in East Africa; D. L. Hobman: The Difficulties of Unbelief; Roy Prideaux: The Further Education of the Young Worker; Dr. Paul Senft: Social Institutions and Human Individuals; and Hector Hawton: The Background of the Rationalist Movement. Accom. single rooms, inclusive charge 47s. 6d. or 54s 6d. with coach transport. Further details, Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin (Evening only), mathematics, history, and geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1955-56 begins on September 20; 1955. Evening Classes begin on September 26, 1955 (Enrolment for evening classes: September 20, 5-8 p.m.). Prospectuses may be obtained on applic. to J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

ADV and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas. G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

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"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

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